No.3 Oct 31, 1979
Every Thursday
12p

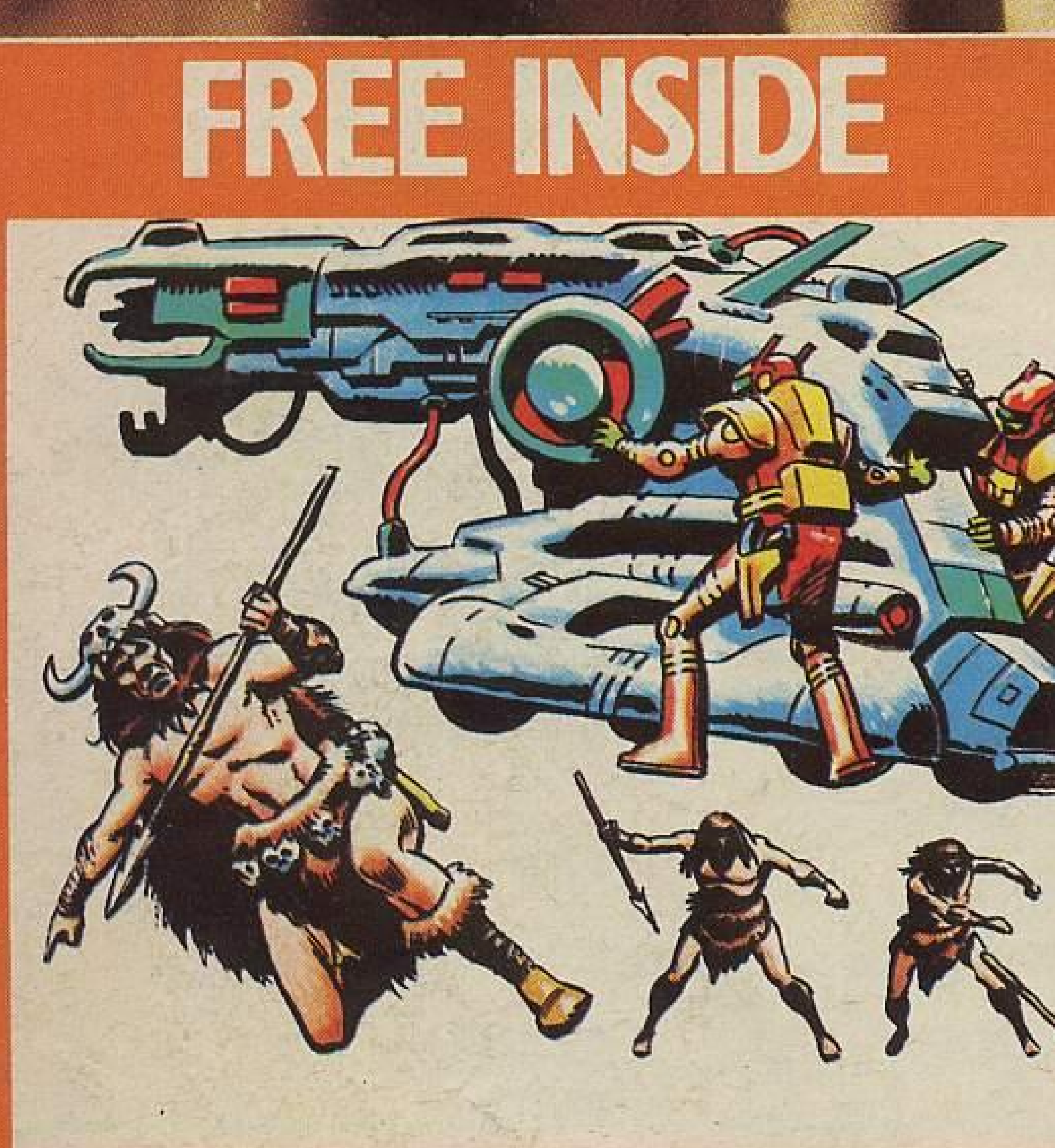
Marvel Comics
present

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

Comic Strips! Features! Pin-ups!

THRILLING THIRD ISSUE

FREE INSIDE



ANOTHER SET OF FULL COLOUR ACTION TRANSFERS

RETOLD - THE FIRST EVER DALEK TV ADVENTURE! !

PRIZE-WINNING COMPETITION INSIDE

A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR

The Doctor,
c/o Albert & Elsie Olthwaite,
Back Wrangthorn Terrace,
Ali-fax,
Star System – Unknown!

Wensdi, Janri foowerth, senti-nine.

Dear All,

Those of you who have been following my letters from distant parts of the galaxy over the last few weeks will have realised that I have seen some incredibly strange places, and even more bizarre inhabitants.

But this week I landed in a place (dimension?) so totally alien that you cannot begin to imagine it!

The language the natives speak is so positively weird that I have so far been able to translate only a few sounds.

Upon arriving, I was met with what I can only assume to be the native phrase of greeting, "Ey oop – na'thn, owd chuck!".

Fortunately the inhabitants of this world seem friendly enough, and two of their race, Albert and Elsie Olthwaite have invited me to stay in "digs" with them. This would seem to be their word for house or hotel, or somesuch.

I have tried to ascertain the name of this world, which could be the above-mentioned Ali-Fax, alternatively that could be the name of the area, as few of these beings seem to know of life existing elsewhere on the planet.

I somehow doubt that this letter will reach you for issue 3, as the method of transportation is a somewhat archaic one known as the "geepe-o".

But, despite their odd ways, I can't help but find the natives a likeable bunch, and as they are calling me now for "fishupper" (their favourite meal), I must sign off. Or, in their language...

Si the,

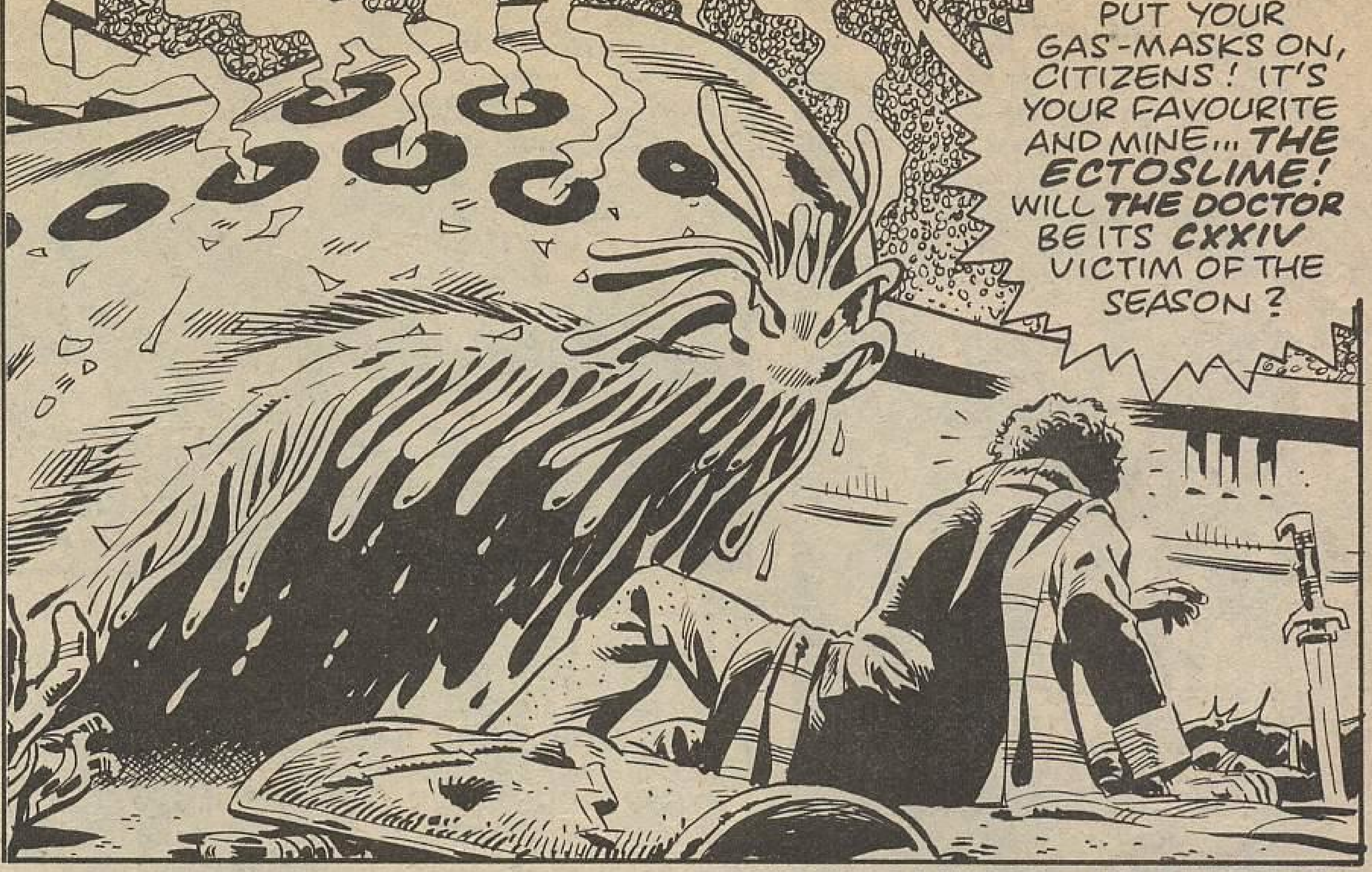
The Doctor.

Write to us at:
WHO CARES! Doctor Who Weekly, Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5

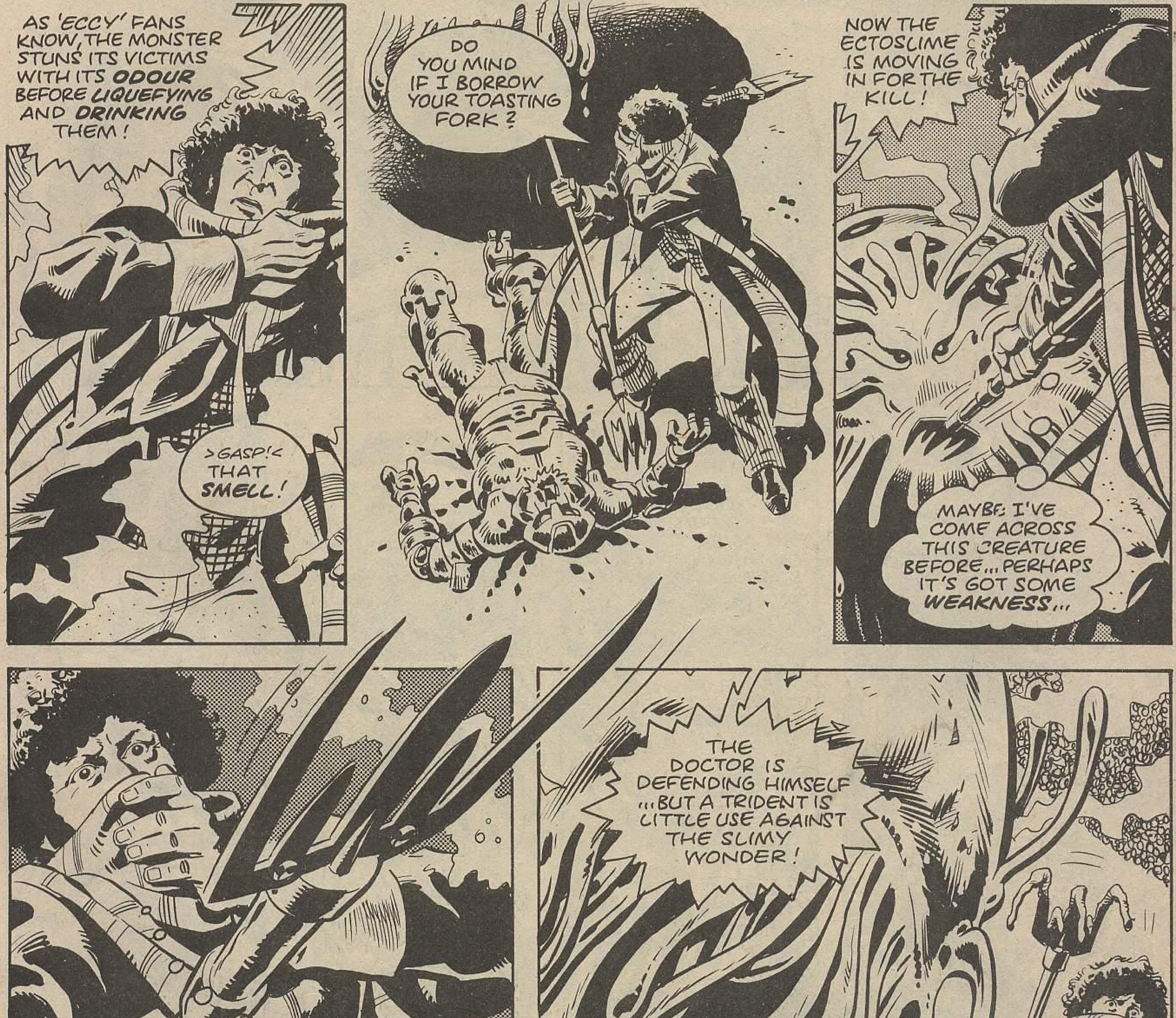
Stan Lee presents

DOCTOR WHO AND THE IRON LEGION

THE DOCTOR HAS DISCOVERED AN ALTERNATIVE EARTH WHERE THE ROMAN EMPIRE NEVER FELL ... BUT WENT ON TO CONQUER THE ENTIRE GALAXY! AFTER REFUSING TO REVEAL THE SECRETS OF THE TARDIS TO THE SINISTER GENERAL IRONICUS, THE DOCTOR IS THROWN INTO THE ARENA. . .


PUT YOUR GAS-MASKS ON, CITIZENS! IT'S YOUR FAVOURITE AND MINE... THE ECTOSLIME! WILL THE DOCTOR BE ITS CXXIV VICTIM OF THE SEASON?

SCRIPT: MILLS & WAGNER   ART: DAVE GIBBONS


AS 'ECCY' FANS KNOW, THE MONSTER STUNS ITS VICTIMS WITH ITS ODOUR BEFORE LIQUEFYING AND DRINKING THEM!
>GASP!< THAT SMELL!
DO YOU MIND IF I BORROW YOUR TOASTING FORK?
NOW THE ECTOSLIME IS MOVING IN FOR THE KILL!
MAYBE I'VE COME ACROSS THIS CREATURE BEFORE... PERHAPS IT'S GOT SOME WEAKNESS...
MUST GO THROUGH MY MEMORY FILES! LET'S SEE... 'ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN... AUTONS ... AXOS ...'
THE DOCTOR IS DEFENDING HIMSELF ...BUT A TRIDENT IS LITTLE USE AGAINST THE SLIMY WONDER!

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NOW THE DOCTOR IS ON THE GROUND! IT'S NEARLY OVER! THE CROWD ARE GOING CRAZY WITH EXCITEMENT!
ONLY GENERAL IRONICUS CAN STOP THE MONSTER FROM DELIVERING THE DEATH BLOW!
'DAEMONS... DALEKS... DINOSAURS...' AH, HERE WE ARE... 'ECTO-SLIME--DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC...'
UP IN THE IMPERIAL BOX, GENERAL IRONICUS IS STANDING UP...! THE CROWD WAITS FOR HIS SIGN! WILL THIS GREAT ROBOT SOLDIER SHOW MERCY..?
WHIRRR!
NO!... AND SO, ECCY CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM, AND... WAIT! SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING... THE DOCTOR IS SPEAKING TO THE ECTOSLIME IN AN ALIEN TONGUE AND THE MONSTER IS STARTING TO VIBRATE...!
○□△ø □\ △\/□○ □○○ I⊢△□Ø △I□/ø? □ø△\/□ ○△I ▽○\/△ øø□\ □ø... ø□△ □▽QII△!
I'M SORRY HUMANS COULDN'T APPRECIATE IT... BUT IT WAS A VERY ALIEN JOKE!! THAT'S THE THING ABOUT ECTO-SLIME--THEY HAVE A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSE OF HUMOUR...
...IT'S NATURE'S WAY OF MAKING UP FOR THEIR APPEARANCE!
BRING ME THE DOCTOR!

I'LL TRY AND TRANSLATE THE JOKE IF YOU LIKE, IRONICUS. YOU SEE, THESE THREE ALIENS WALK INTO A BAR AND THE FIRST ALIEN SAYS...
SILENCE! YOU MAY NOT SPEAK TO ME! MY LIGHT IS NOT ON!
AH, YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE!
YOU HAVE MOCKED ME FOR THE LAST TIME, DOCTOR! WE SHALL SEE WHETHER YOU CAN REMAIN SMILING AS...
A SLAVE IN THE IMPERIAL AIR GALLEY!
ROW, PIGS! MAKE THOSE PROPELLERS... SPIN!
LATER, THE AIR GALLEY, WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY ON BOARD, SAILS OVER THE ETERNAL CITY--TOWARDS THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS...
INSIDE...
I'VE HEARD OF WAYS OF SOLVING THE FUEL CRISIS... BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!
GENERAL IRONICUS LIKES THIS METHOD OF PROPULSION!
HOW COME YOU NOT AFRAID OF ME? OTHER SLAVES AFRAID OF MORRIS! OVERSEER AFRAID OF MORRIS! EVERYONE AFRAID OF MORRIS!
MY DEAR CHAP, WHY ON EARTH SHOULD I BE AFRAID?
YOU NOT THINK MORRIS... UGLY?

COMPARED TO THE ECTOSLIME, YOU'RE ALMOST HANDSOME!
THAT GOOD! MORRIS LIKE!
I'M SO GLAD. AS WE'RE TO BE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS, MORRIS, PERHAPS I SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M THE DOCTOR.
MORRIS KNOW LOT OF DOCTORS! THEY GO PATCH ME UP WHEN I TRY ESCAPE. I TRY MANY, MANY TIMES. AND EVERY TIME I TRY...
...I HURT MYSELF!
THE ROYAL FAMILY PASSED DOWN THE GANGWAY...
PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT, SCUM! CAESAR WANTS TO FLY FASTER THAN THE EAGLES!
CAESAR'S MOTHER... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER...
WHAT UP, DOC..?
I'M NOT SURE, MORRIS. FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING... TERRIBLE! IF I'M RIGHT, THEN...
I'VE DISCOVERED THE HORRIFYING SECRET OF THE GALACTIC ROMAN EMPIRE!
NEXT WEEK: TEMPLE OF THE GODS!

CRAZY CAPTION 3

£5 TO BE WON!

Here we are again with our third CRAZY CAPTION competition. As before, all you've got to do is think up the most absurdly funny comment you can to go with the picture below, send it along to us, and you could win a five pounds postal order prize!

No need to damage the magazine by cutting the photograph out, we've only dropped in the speech balloon so you'll know who's meant to be cracking the crazy comment.

Even if you're not this week's lucky first prize winner, you may win one of the ten second prizes we're offering . . . a full colour photo of Tom Baker as the Doctor

Plus, we'll be printing the eleven lucky prizewinners names in a future issue of **Doctor Who Weekly,** along with the first prizewinner's crazy caption.

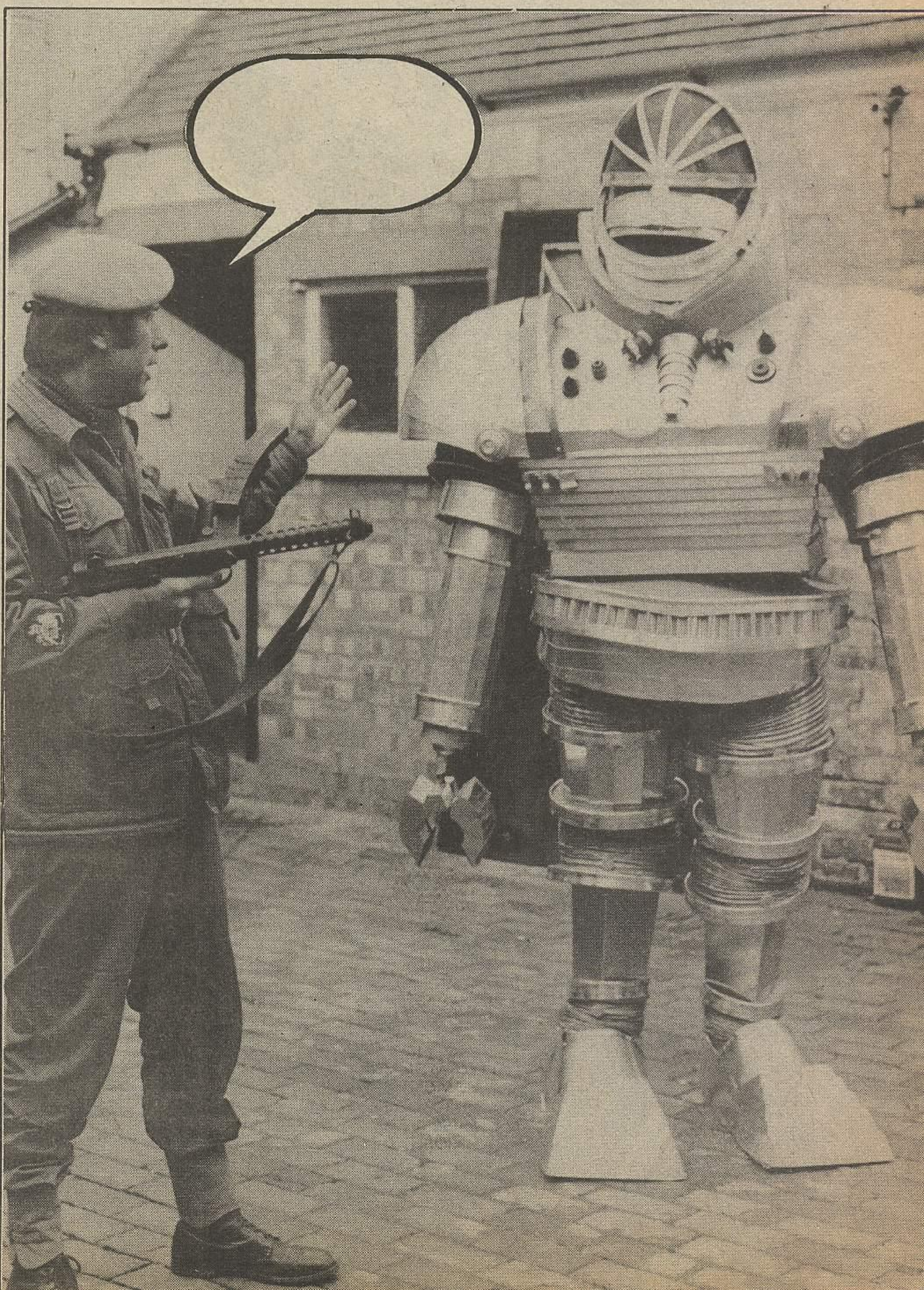
Next week, and every week, we'll be presenting another new CRAZY CAPTION Competition, so even if you're not one of the top eleven winners this time round, you'll have another 51 opportunities to strike lucky over the year!

Send your entries to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION No.3,
Doctor Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

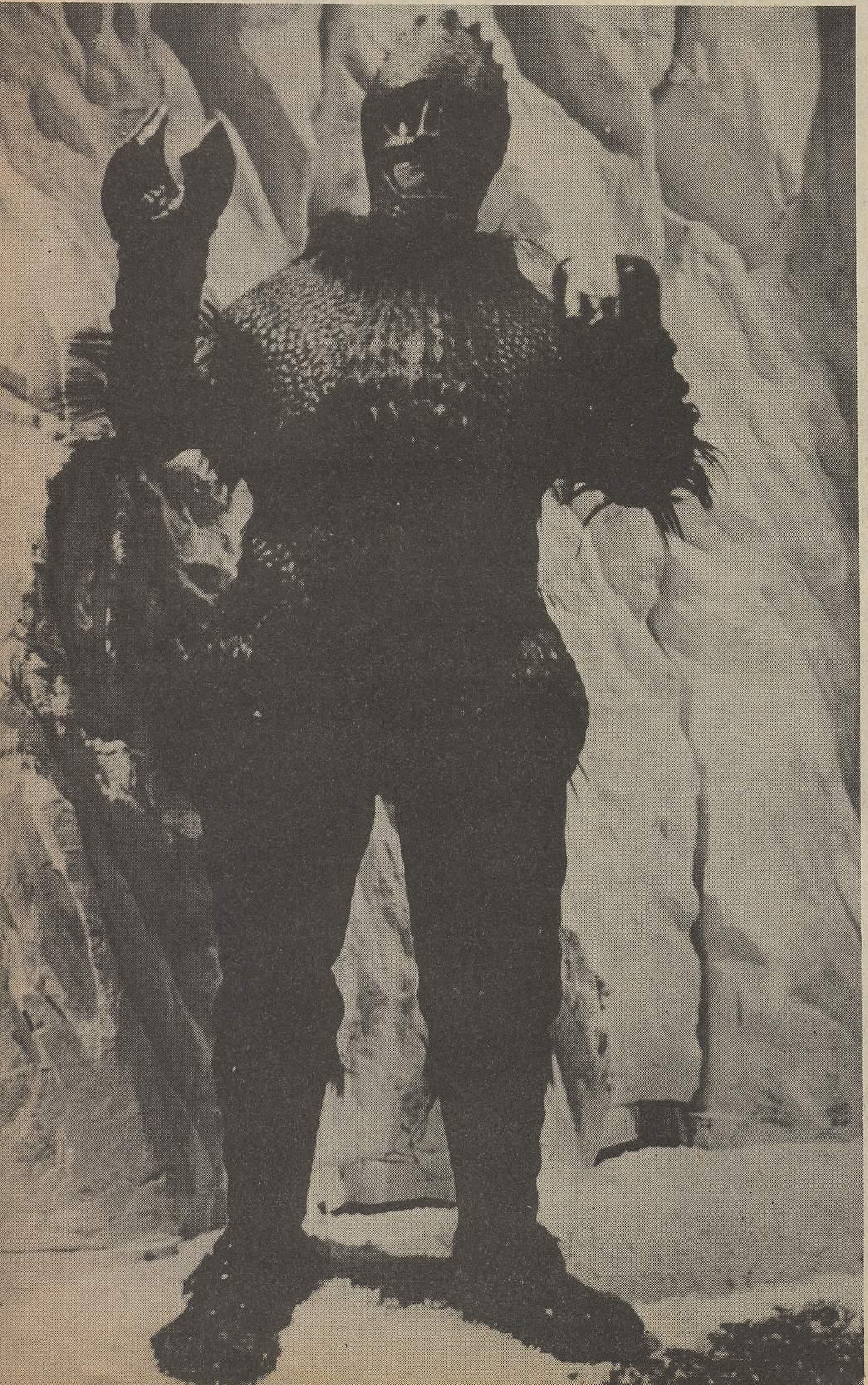
IMPORTANT: All entries to this week's competition must be postmarked no later than October 30th, 1979. Entries on postcards only, please, and be sure to include your full name, age and address in BLOCK CAPITALS.

Also, while writing, why not let us know what stories or articles you liked best in this issue, and what you'd like to see in the future.
Thanks, and good luck!



THE MONSTERS OF DOCTOR WHO:

THE ICE WARRIORS



England during the second Ice Age. The Doctor and his companions — Victoria and Jamie — seek refuge in a scientific base where the ice barrier is being combated by an ioniser.

Embedded in the ice is a perfectly preserved body, wearing clothing like that of an ancient Viking. But as the ice melts, freeing the creature, it soon becomes apparent it is not of Earth origin.

Trapped by the giant being, Victoria retreated to the furthest corner of the storage room as the massive reptilian creature advanced on her, its gun-arm raised in her direction.

"Who are you?" she blurted out.

The creature's hissing sound grew louder, as it drew in air enough to reply. "Varga", came the answer.

And the story slowly came out, of how Varga, Warrior of the Red Planet — Mars — had landed on Earth along with his crew. . . thousands of years ago, during the Great Ice Age. But their ship had been trapped in an avalanche of snow.

Now, revived, Varga would find his companions and then decide. . .

. . .Whether to return to Mars, or conquer Earth!

REVEALED — THE SECRET OF PELADON

Brian Hayles, who sadly died at the end of October, 1978, was creator of the race of Ice Warriors, and their masters, the Ice Lords.

But here, he made more than just a group of monsters, to menace the Doctor and his friends. For, following on from the success of the 1967 "Ice Warriors" six-parter, came "The Seeds of Death" in the following season , again six parts written by Brian Hayles, and again featuring the Ice Warriors of Mars.

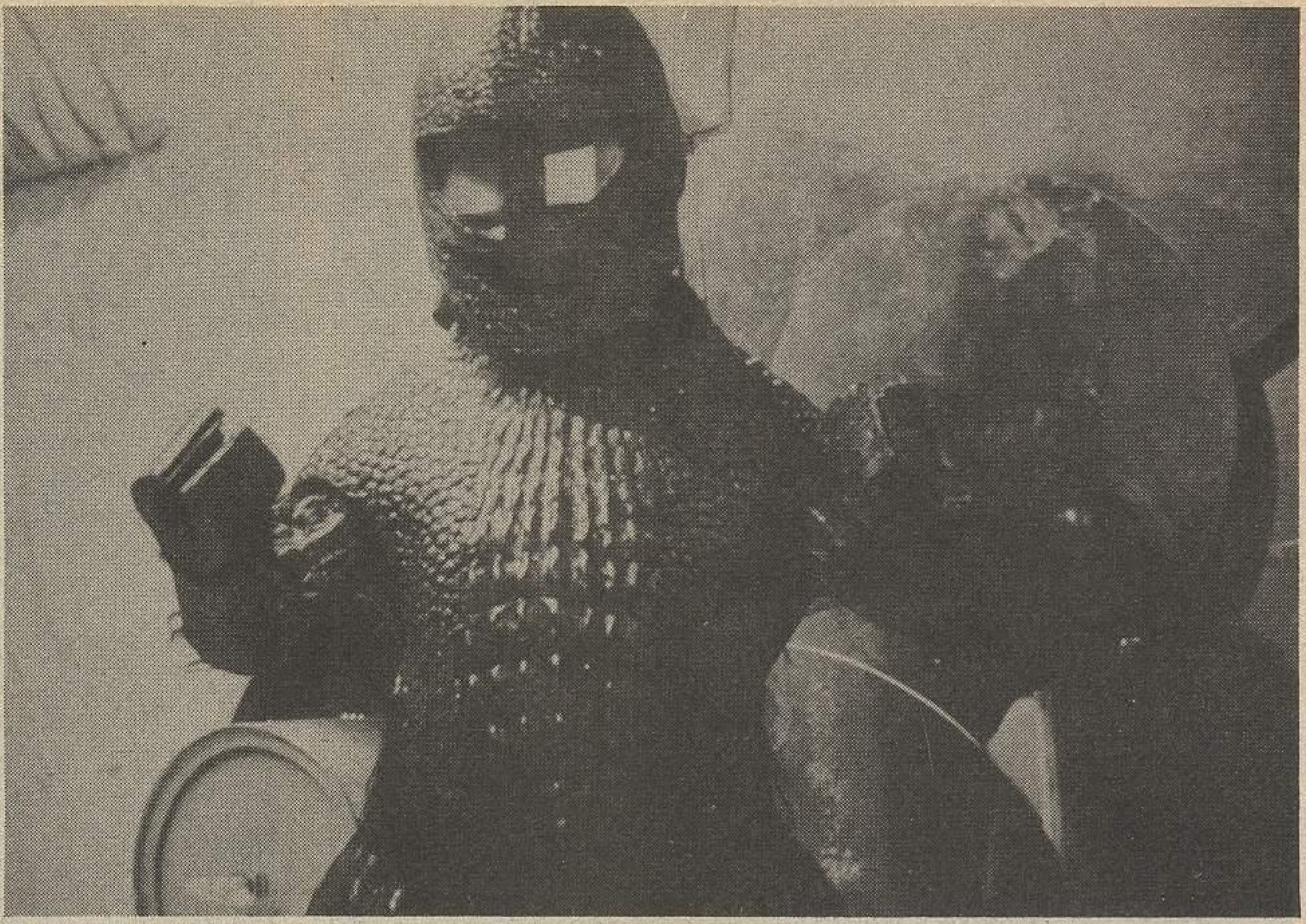
From the start, it had been made obvious that the Ice Warriors were a totally militaristic race, but now they gained a culture, a class system, a code of behaviour and a believable background.

Set in the 21st Century, "The Seeds of Death" found the Doctor arriving on the Moon, to discover it overrun with an army of Ice Warriors, who are preparing to launch an invasion against Earth. To weaken Earth's resistance, they were transmitting seed pods over Earth's winter zones, pods which would unleash a lethal fungus.

(Continued overleaf)

***LEFT:** The ominous-looking figure of Varga, the Ice Warrior, defrozen from his prison of cold after thousands of years. Bernard Bresslaw, "The Ice Warriors", 1967.*

Preparing to shoot the Doctor Who story "The Ice Warriors" (1967). Bernard Bresslaw as Varga, in three behind-the-scenes shots. TOP LEFT: Make-up assistant Ann Raymant adds the head gear. TOP RIGHT: Costume supervisor Martin Baugh (left) and his assistant George Sherriff help with the costume's body. BELOW: Ann Raymant completes the face make-up.



RIGHT: Another shot from the 1967 story, "The Ice Warriors", this time featuring Ice Warrior Zondal with a menacing-looking sonic cannon.

Needless to say, Earth was saved and the menace destroyed. But still the Ice Warriors proved popular enough to return — first in "The Curse of Peladon", a four episode Brian Hayles story, and then in a sequal story "The Monster of Peladon".

THE ICE WARRIORS LAUNCH THE SEEDS OF DEATH!

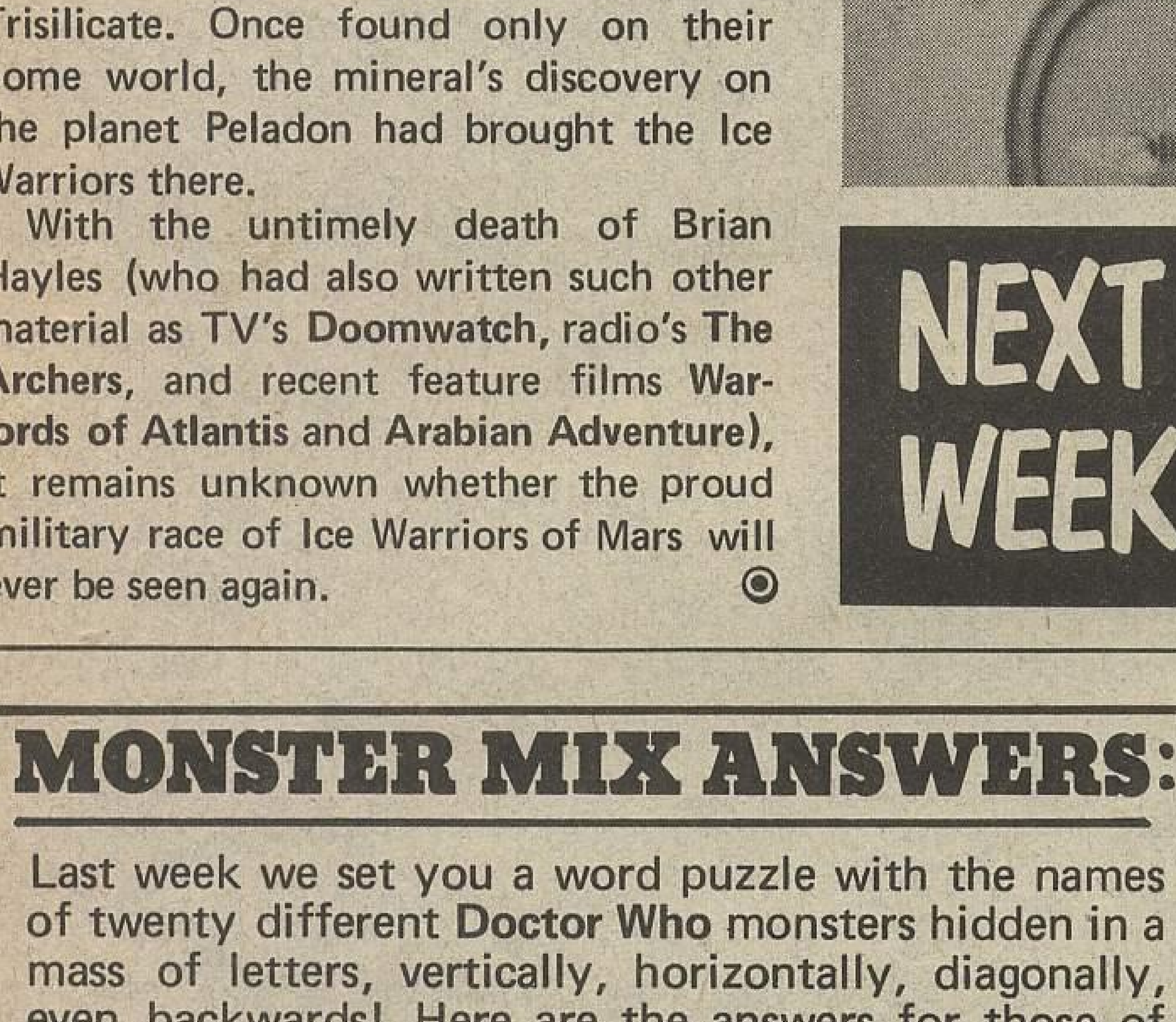
In "The Curse of Peladon" we were to learn yet more about the warrior race. Here we were told of the key to the Ice Lords entire technology, a mineral called Trisilicate. Once found only on their home world, the mineral's discovery on the planet Peladon had brought the Ice Warriors there.

With the untimely death of Brian Hayles (who had also written such other material as TV's **Doomwatch**, radio's **The Archers**, and recent feature films **Warlords of Atlantis** and **Arabian Adventure**), it remains unknown whether the proud military race of Ice Warriors of Mars will ever be seen again. ◉

NEXT WEEK: THE YETI!

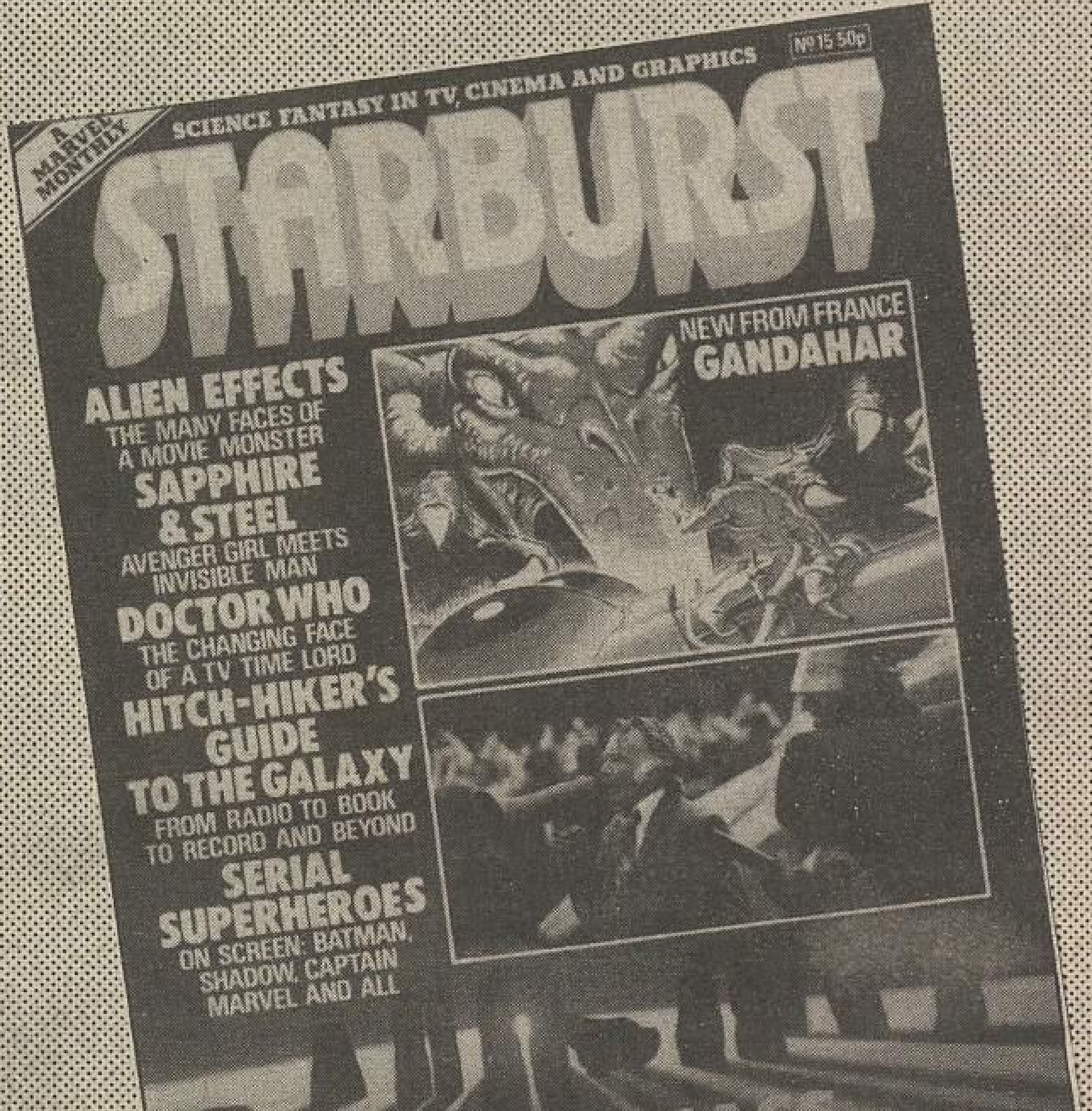
MONSTER MIX ANSWERS:

Last week we set you a word puzzle with the names of twenty different **Doctor Who** monsters hidden in a mass of letters, vertically, horizontally, diagonally, even backwards! Here are the answers for those of you who found it tough-going. . .



R	F	Q	U	A	R	K	G	H	M	O	N	O	I	D
S	P	N	R	A	S	D	Z	X	C	V	B	N	M	K
D	X	C	F	G	H	J	A	X	O	N	W	E	D	N
V	A	D	F	V	B	N	R	Y	U	I	O	S	W	A
M	E	L	Q	Y	J	K	B	A	E	F	U	G	H	I
W	D	C	E	B	N	L	I	N	X	O	F	G	J	R
G	H	T	E	K	G	B	L	H	X	S	D	F	G	U
W	I	R	R	N	G	I	T	E	I	H	J	K	G	L
N	S	D	F	G	V	B	N	F	L	J	H	G	F	I
Q	O	H	G	E	S	A	S	M	O	R	B	I	U	S
A	S	R	D	S	G	D	C	V	N	F	G	H	J	K
Q	W	A	G	E	D	R	A	C	O	N	I	A	N	T
B	E	S	V	O	O	R	D	S	A	X	C	V	B	M
S	E	N	S	O	R	I	T	E	A	M	U	T	T	K
C	V	B	N	M	P	Z	Y	G	O	N	S	D	F	G

ANOTHER S-F WINNER FROM MARVEL COMICS



A MARVEL MONTHLY
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Nº 15 50p
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THE MANY FACES OF A MOVIE MONSTER
SAPPHIRE & STEEL
AVENGER GIRL MEETS INVISIBLE MAN
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THE CHANGING FACE OF A TV TIME LORD
HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
FROM RADIO TO BOOK TO RECORD AND BEYOND
SERIAL SUPERHEROES
ON SCREEN: BATMAN, SHADOW, CAPTAIN MARVEL AND ALL
QUATERMASS
–THE FINAL SEQUEL

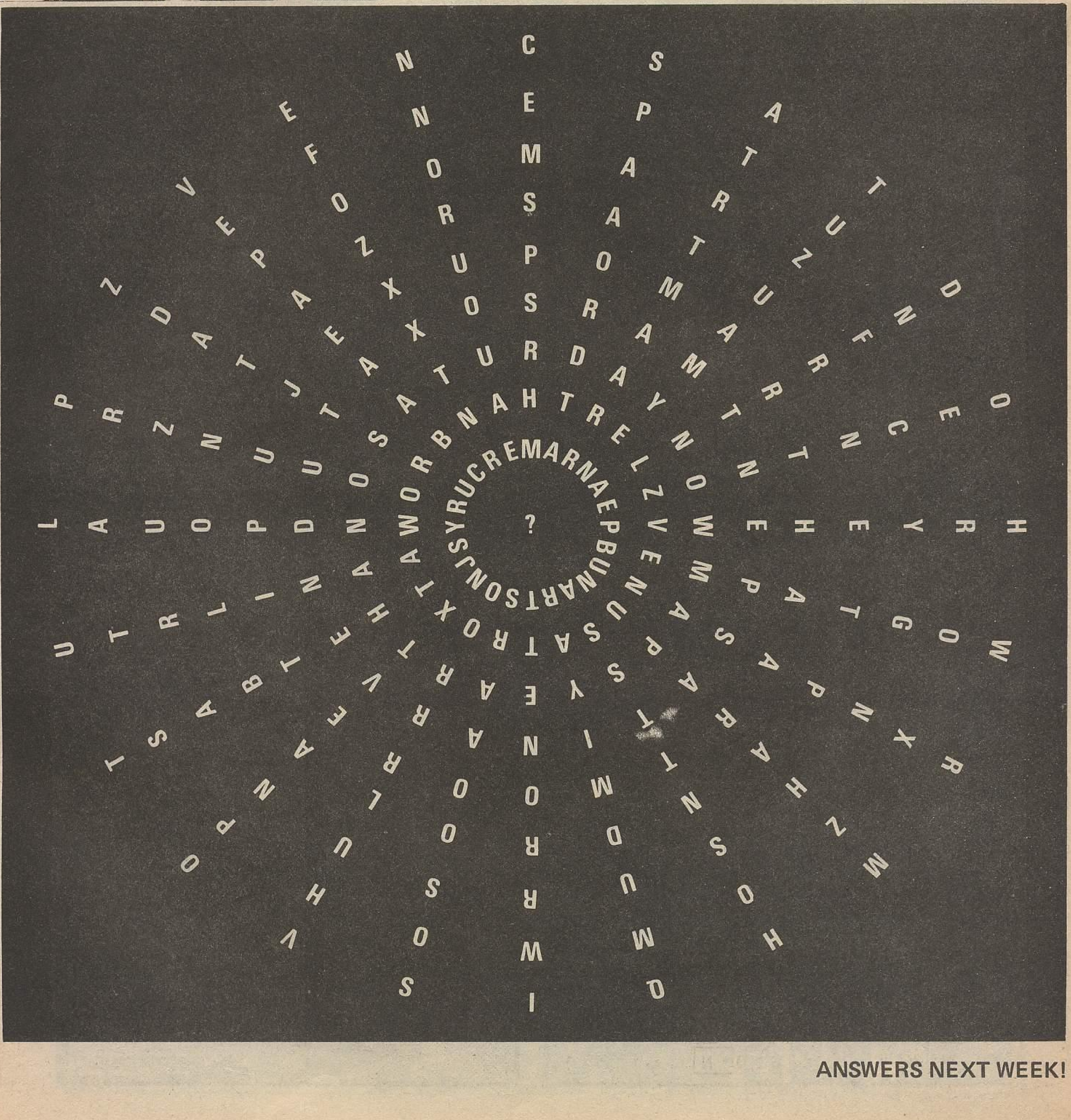
PLANET PUZZLE

Here's an unusual puzzle for you! Not only will it amuse and baffle you for a while, but you might actually learn something from it!

But don't let that put you off — for the knowledge neccesary is about the planets of your solar system — the nine worlds which orbit around your sun.

What you have to do is actually FIND the worlds, hidden in the nine jumbled rings of letters below. Of course, the problem is simplified if you know which order your planets are in, then you know what you're looking for! Otherwise, you'll have to work it out more slowly!

But be careful, there are a few trick words thrown in, and the actual planet names are sometimes written backwards!



ANSWERS NEXT WEEK!

TALES FROM THE TARDIS featuring

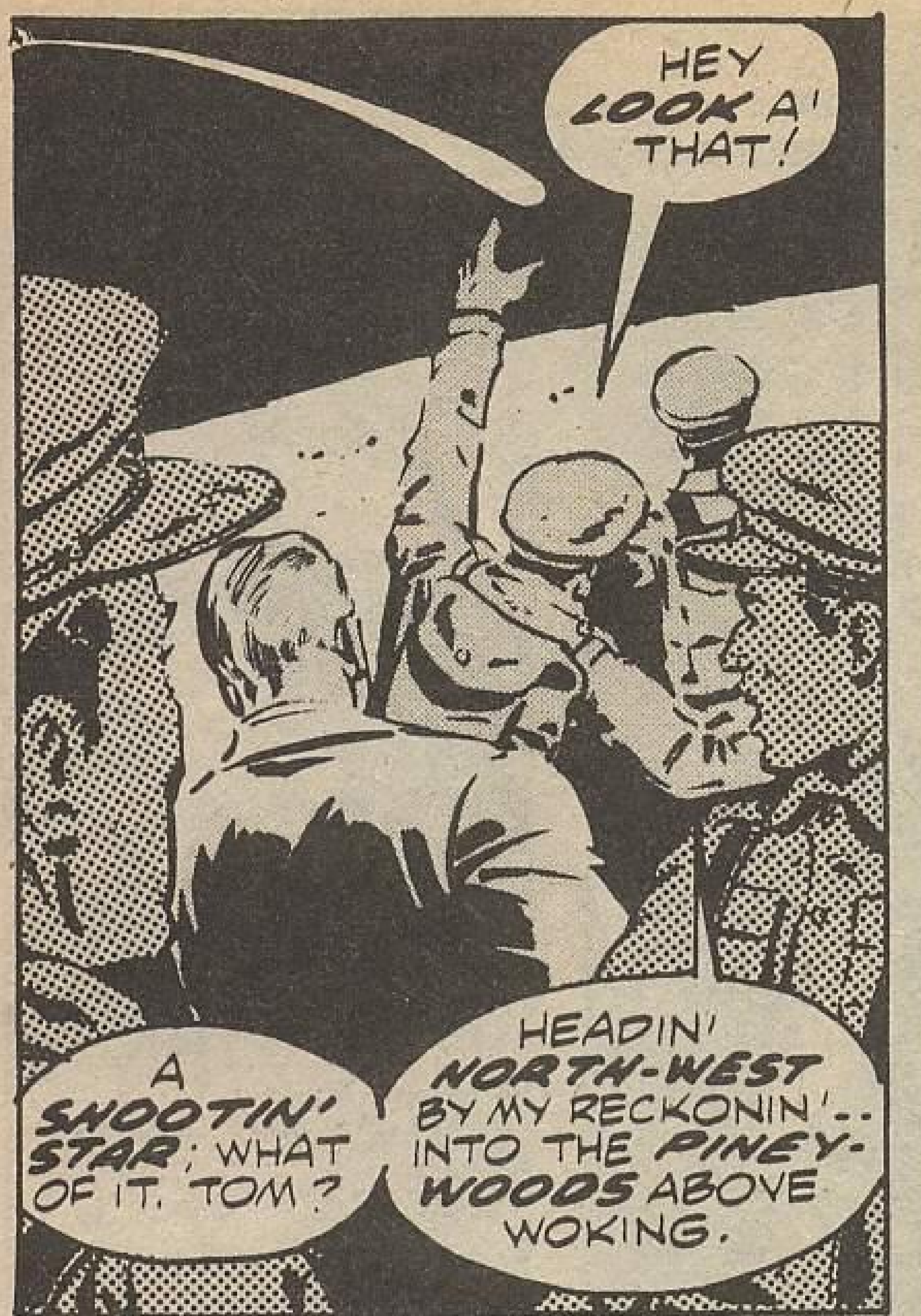
WAR OF THE WORLDS

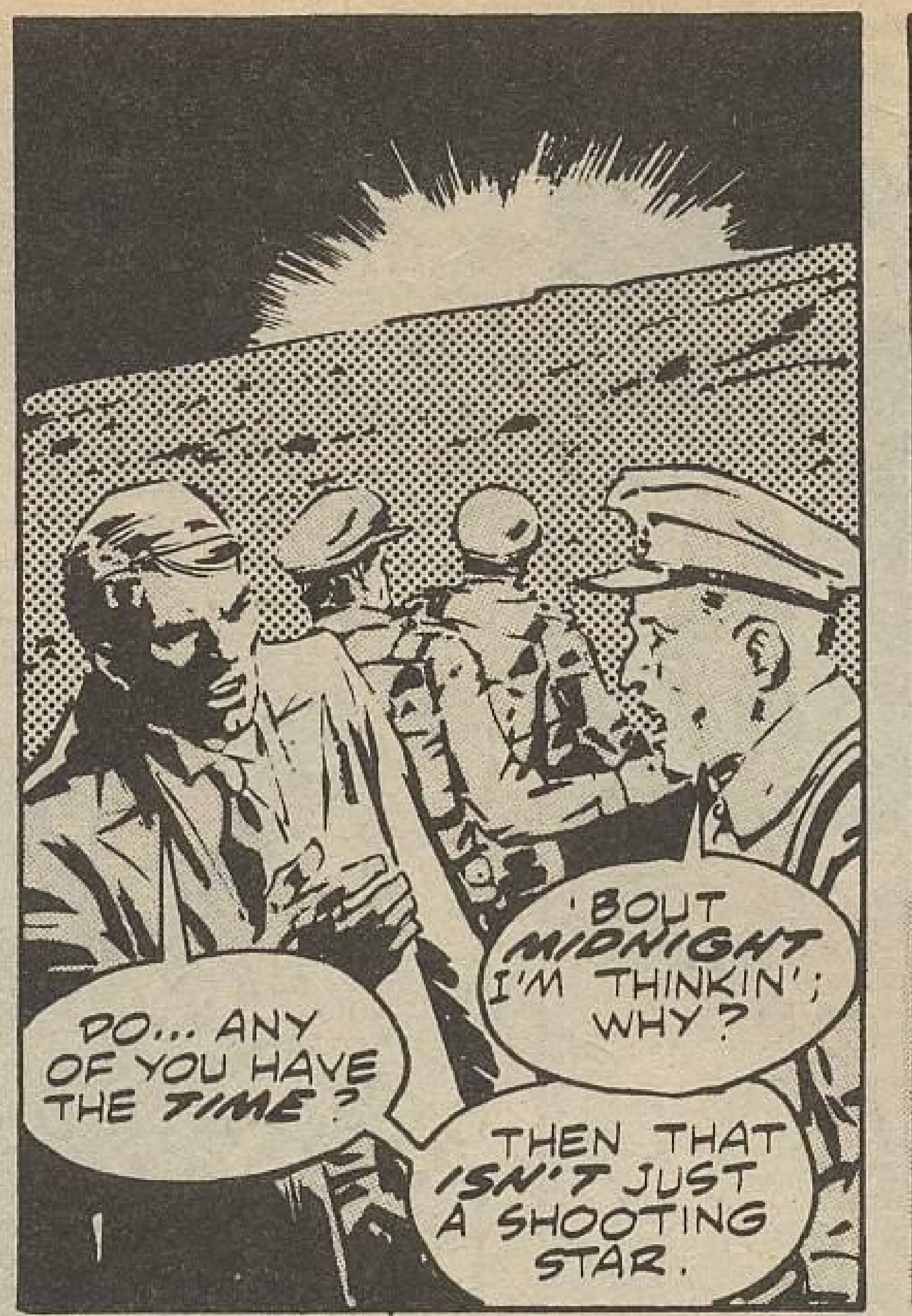
by H.G. WELLS

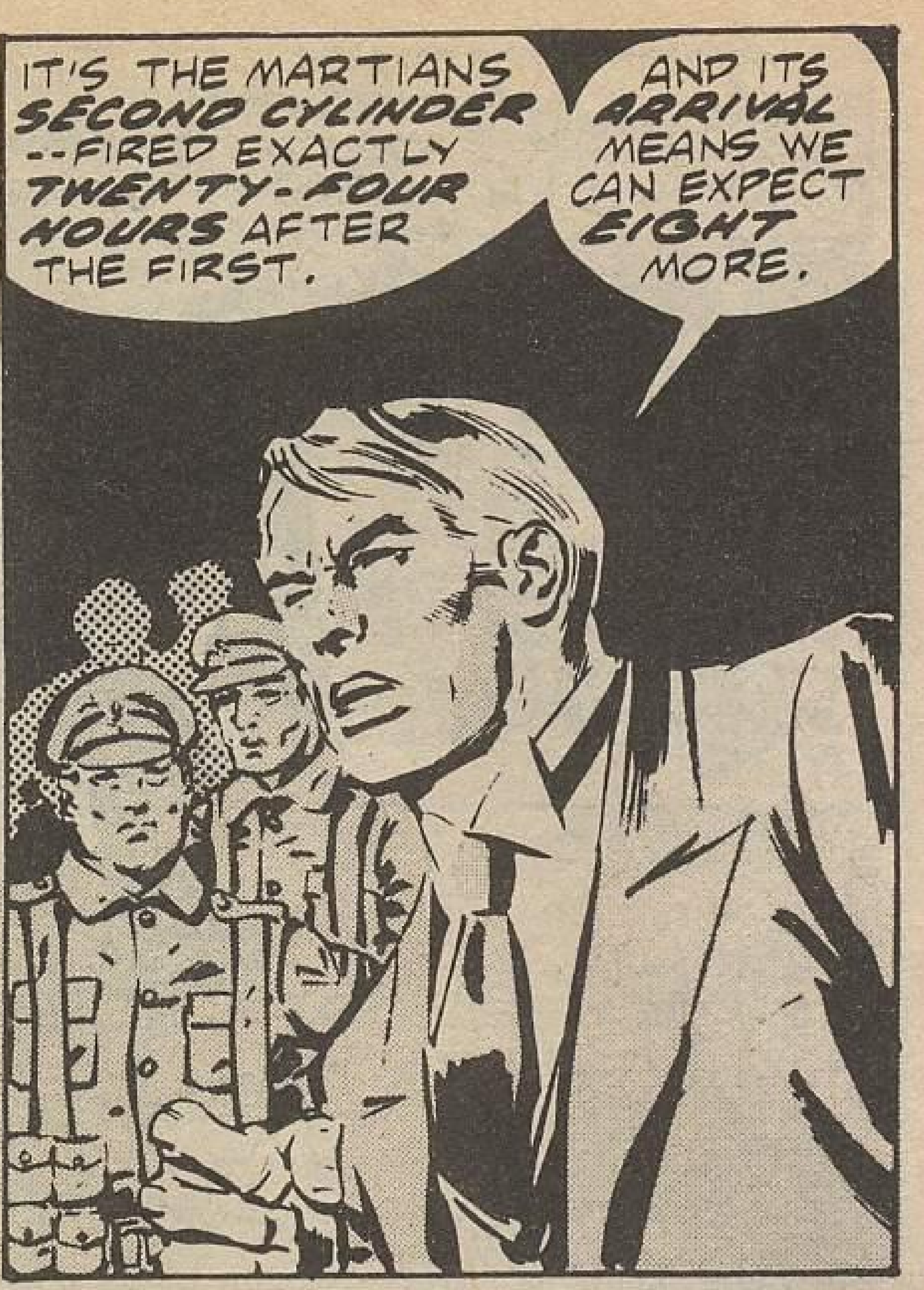
PART THREE

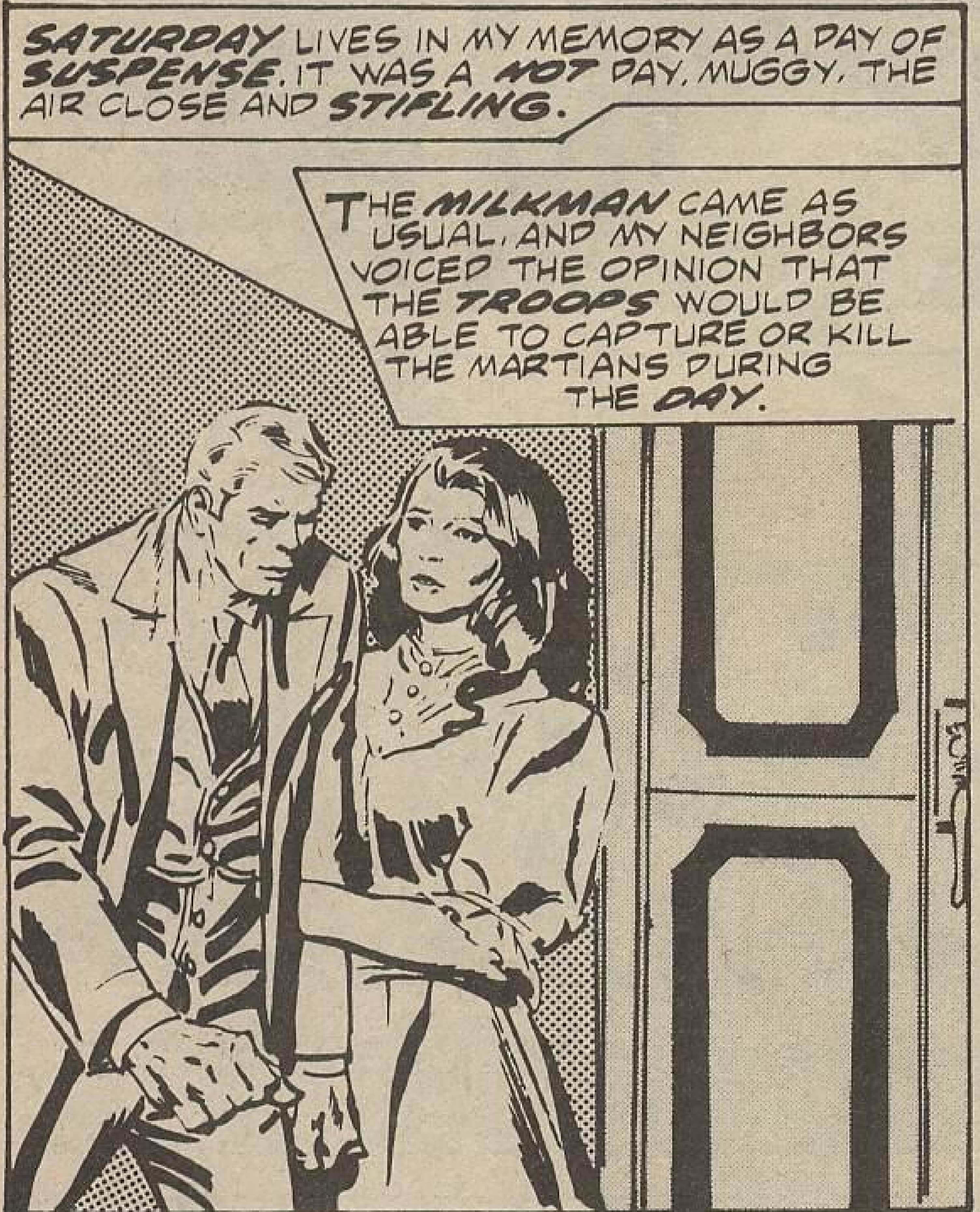
HORSFELL COMMON, ENGLAND, AT THE START OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. GEORGE'S LIFE HAD BEEN, WELL... *NORMAL*, UNTIL THE INCIDENTS HE RELATED TO ME. *THIS* IS *GEORGE'S STORY*...
ONE BY ONE, *FOUL* CREATURES APPEARED.
THUD!
UNDER A WHITE FLAG, A TEAM NERVOUSLY STEPPED FORWARD...
SSZZRA
BUT WERE INSTANTLY *DESTROYED*!

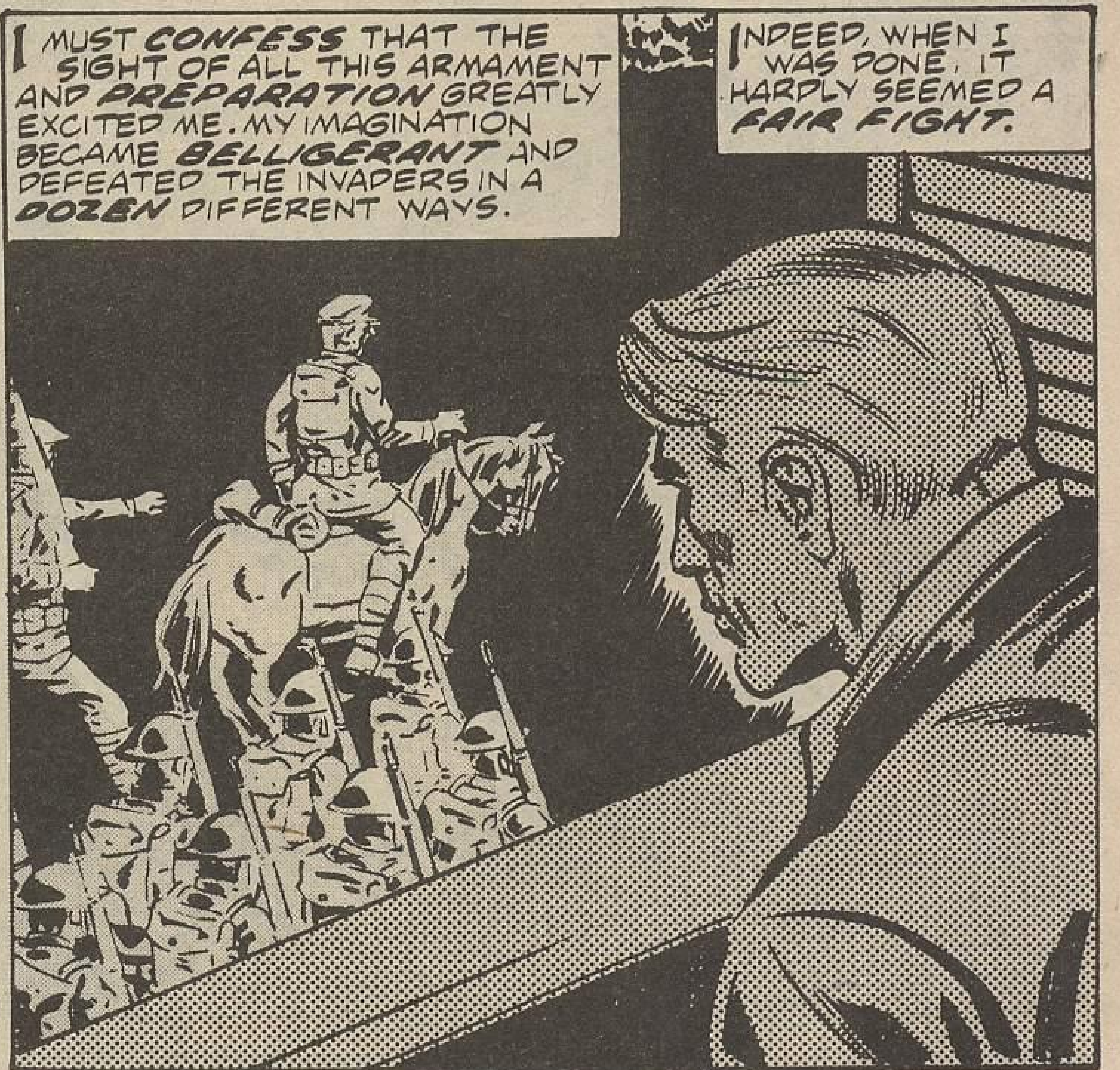
DARK... IT WAS DARK AGAIN, AND IN THAT DARKNESS, ONE COULD ALMOST BELIEVE THAT NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.
A GROUP OF BLACK SPECKS CARRYING A FLAG OF WHITE HAD BEEN SWEPT OUT OF EXISTENCE AND THE STILLNESS OF THE EVENING HAD BARELY BEEN BROKEN.
IT CAME TO ME THAT I WAS ALONE UPON THIS DARK COMMON ALONE AND HELPLESS.
SUDDENLY, LIKE A THING FALLING UPON ME FROM WITHOUT, CAME-- FEAR.
AND SO, I TURNED FROM THE SCENE OF MY FRIEND'S DEATHS...
...AND RAN.
I'D GONE AS FAR AS COBHAM BEFORE I ENCOUNTERED ANY PEOPLE.
ODDLY ENOUGH, THEY WERE SOLDIERS.
THEY WERE PART OF THE CARDIGAN REGIMENT FROM ISHERMAN BARRACKS, DEPLOYED IN RESPONSE TO OGILVY'S REPORT OF MARTIANS WITHIN THE CYLINDER.
EVIDENTLY, THEY'D BEEN BUSY DURING THE HOURS I'D WANDERED THE COMMON AFTER SEEING THE HEAT RAY IN ACTION-- SO MUCH SO THAT THEY'D ALREADY LOST TWO SCOUT PARTIES.
AS YET, THOUGH, THEY HADN'T SEEN THE HEAT RAY IN ACTION.
EVEN SO, THEY WERE CONFIDENT OF VICTORY.

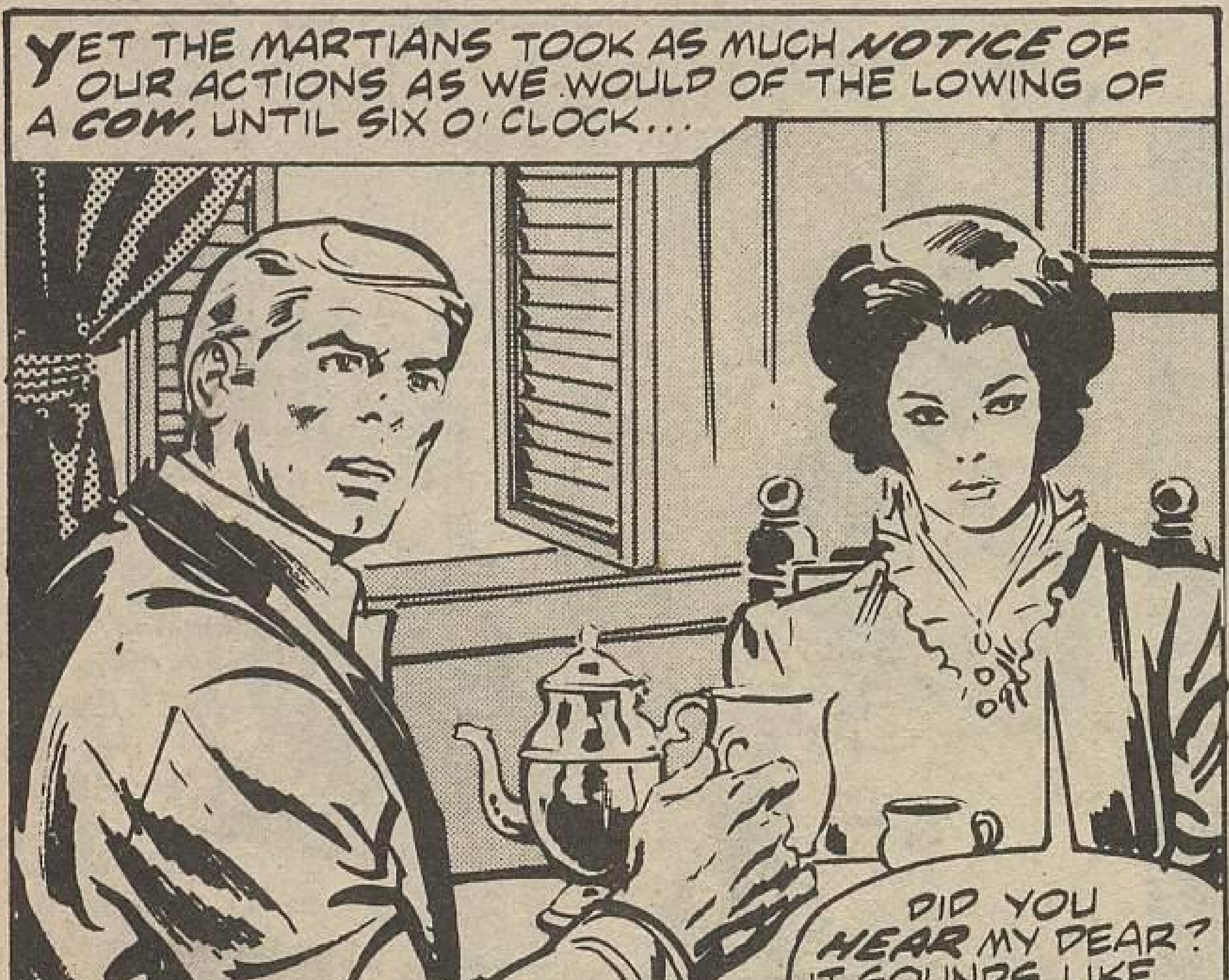

HEY LOOK A' THAT!
A SHOOTIN' STAR; WHAT OF IT, TOM?
HEADIN' NORTH-WEST BY MY RECKONIN'... INTO THE PINEY-WOODS ABOVE WOKING.

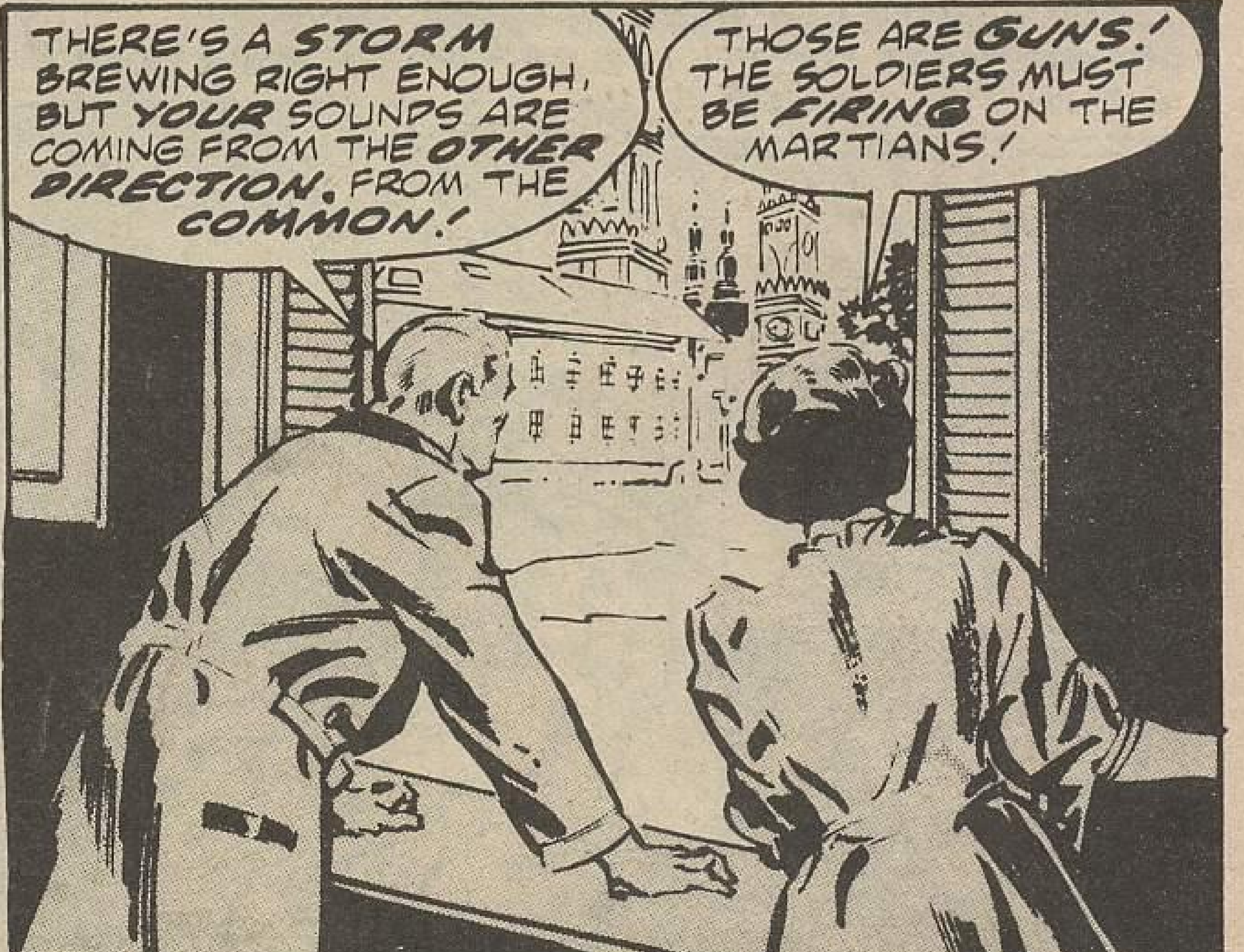

DO... ANY OF YOU HAVE THE TIME?
'BOUT MIDNIGHT I'M THINKIN'; WHY?
THEN THAT ISN'T JUST A SHOOTING STAR.

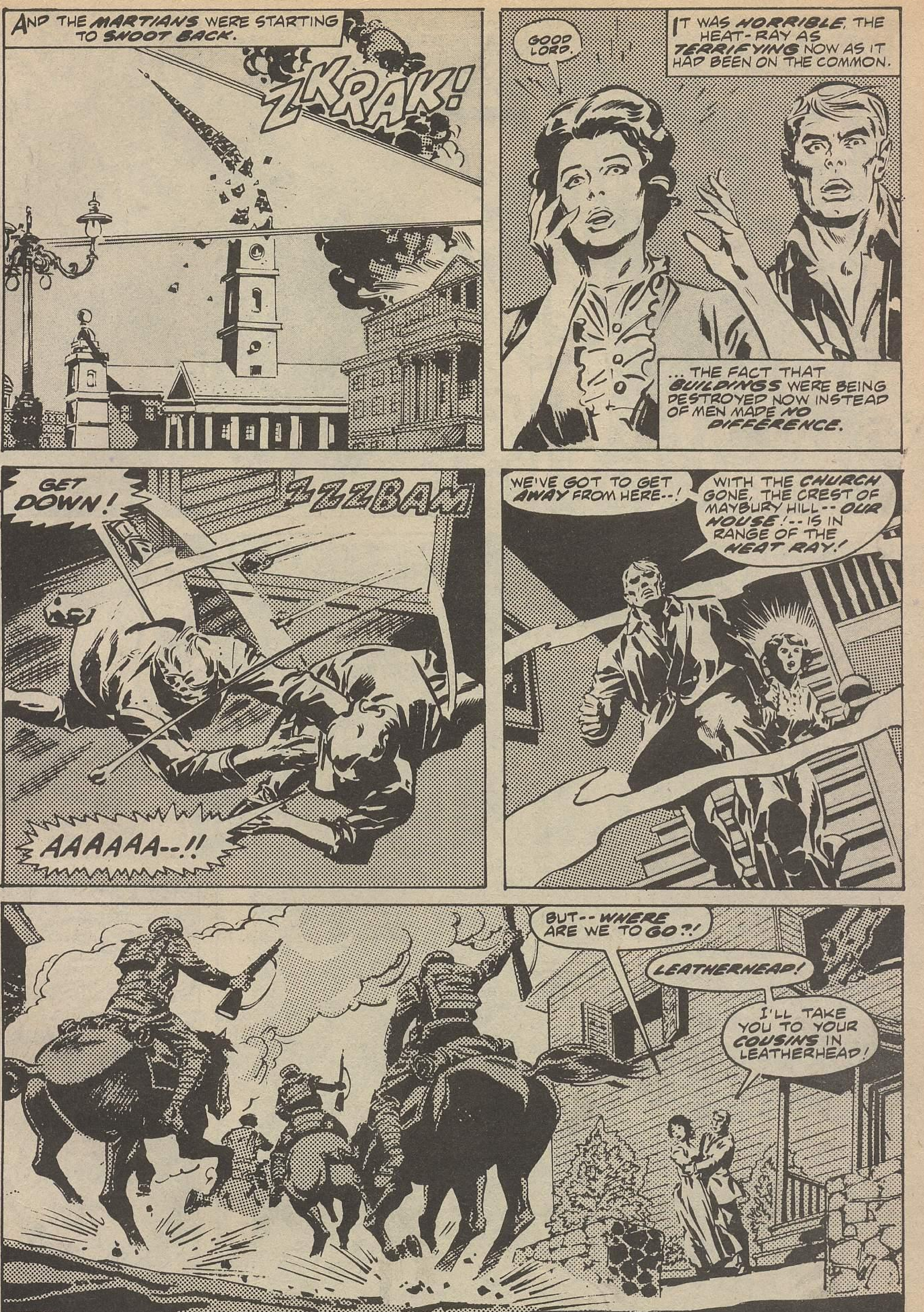

IT'S THE MARTIANS SECOND CYLINDER --FIRED EXACTLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER THE FIRST.
AND ITS ARRIVAL MEANS WE CAN EXPECT EIGHT MORE.


SATURDAY LIVES IN MY MEMORY AS A DAY OF SUSPENSE. IT WAS A HOT DAY, MUGGY, THE AIR CLOSE AND STIFLING.
THE MILKMAN CAME AS USUAL, AND MY NEIGHBORS VOICED THE OPINION THAT THE TROOPS WOULD BE ABLE TO CAPTURE OR KILL THE MARTIANS DURING THE DAY.


I MUST CONFESS THAT THE SIGHT OF ALL THIS ARMAMENT AND PREPARATION GREATLY EXCITED ME. MY IMAGINATION BECAME BELLIGERANT AND DEFEATED THE INVADERS IN A DOZEN DIFFERENT WAYS.
INDEED, WHEN I WAS DONE, IT HARDLY SEEMED A FAIR FIGHT.


YET THE MARTIANS TOOK AS MUCH NOTICE OF OUR ACTIONS AS WE WOULD OF THE LOWING OF A COW, UNTIL SIX O'CLOCK...
DID YOU HEAR MY DEAR? IT SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER.


THERE'S A STORM BREWING RIGHT ENOUGH, BUT YOUR SOUNDS ARE COMING FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION, FROM THE COMMON!
THOSE ARE GUNS! THE SOLDIERS MUST BE FIRING ON THE MARTIANS!


AND THE MARTIANS WERE STARTING TO SHOOT BACK.
ZKRAK!
GOOD LORD.
IT WAS HORRIBLE, THE HEAT-RAY AS TERRIFYING NOW AS IT HAD BEEN ON THE COMMON.
... THE FACT THAT BUILDINGS WERE BEING DESTROYED NOW INSTEAD OF MEN MADE NO DIFFERENCE.
GET DOWN!
ZZZBAM
AAAAAA--!!
WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE--!
WITH THE CHURCH GONE, THE CREST OF MAYBURY HILL-- OUR HOUSE!-- IS IN RANGE OF THE HEAT RAY!
BUT-- WHERE ARE WE TO GO?!
LEATHERHEAD!
I'LL TAKE YOU TO YOUR COUSINS IN LEATHERHEAD!

I MANAGED TO SECURE A HORSE AND DOG-CART FROM THE INNKEEPER OF THE SPOTTED DOG--OUR LOCAL PUBLIC HOUSE--
--AND AMID ALL THE FIRE AND SMOKE AND CONFUSION MY WIFE AND I WERE AWAY.
THE SMOKE OF THE BATTLE--IF IT COULD BE CALLED SUCH--ALREADY EXTENDED FAR AWAY TO THE EAST AND WEST, THE ROAD BECOMING DOTTED WITH PEOPLE RUNNING AFTER US.
RZZRAT!
THE FIRING HAS STOPPED, AS WELL.
LEATHERHEAD IS ABOUT TWELVE MILES FROM MAYBURY HILL AND WE REACHED THERE WITHOUT MISADVENTURE AROUND NINE O' CLOCK.
MY WIFE WAS CURIOUSLY SILENT THROUGHOUT THE DRIVE--SHE SEEMED OPPRESSED WITH FOREBODINGS OF EVIL.
I LEFT HER AT ELEVEN, HAVING PROMISED THE INNKEEPER TO RETURN HIS CART, SENSING--AS I WENT--THAT MY WIFE WANTED ME TO STAY.
WOULD THAT I HAD.
I WAS ALMOST HOME WHEN THE STORM AND THE THIRD FALLING STAR BROKE TOGETHER...
...THE COMBINATION OF LIGHT AND SOUND SENDING MY HORSE INTO A PANIC. HE TOOK THE BIT BETWEEN HIS TEETH AND BOLTED.
HE HEADED DOWN MAYBURY HILL AT AN INCREDIBLE PACE AND I WAS HARD PUT TO MAINTAIN MY SEAT, LET ALONE REGAIN CONTROL OF THE CART.
THROUGH ALL THIS MADNESS, HOWEVER, MY EYES KEPT CATCHING SIGHT OF SOMETHING MOVING DOWN THE OPPOSITE SLOPE TOWARDS ME.
SOMETHING HUGE...
...AND... ALIEN.

NEXT WEEK: THE CONQUEST OF EARTH!

Last week we took you back, back in time, for a retelling of the first-ever *Doctor Who* BBC-tv adventure — first screened in November, 1963. An important landmark, that story established a concept that would live longer than any other BBC-tv series, with the programme now in its 17th year! But this week Jeremy Bentham re-tells the second adventure of the time and space travellers, during which the Doctor meets his arch-enemies for the first time. . .

DOCTOR WHO STORY TWO

THE DEAD PLANET

White ashen soil, crystalised flowers, a petrified jungle of gnarled ancient trees. And nowhere a breath of wind to disturb the uncanny silence.

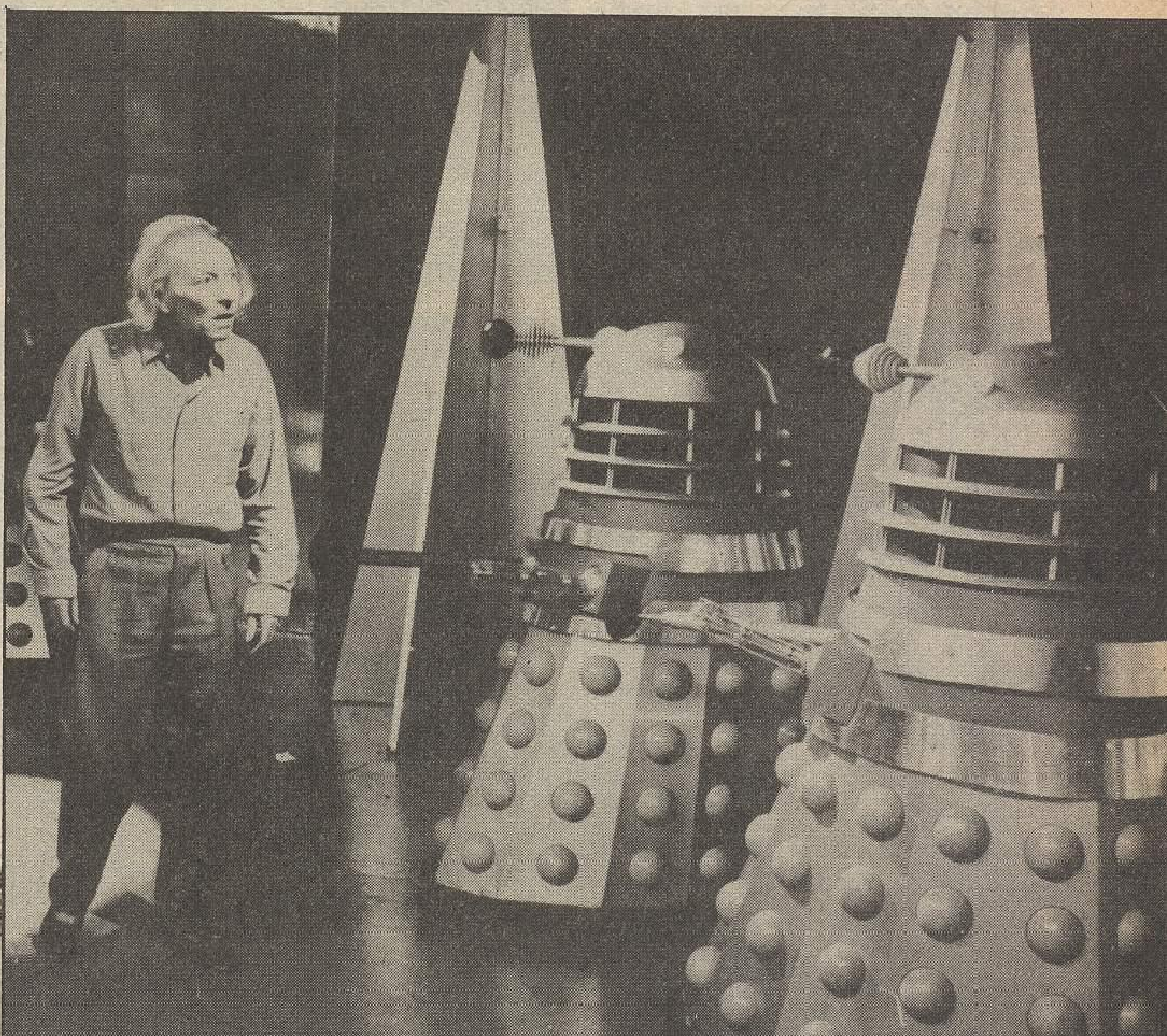
Not the sort of place anyone would visit by choice, nor indeed anywhere remotely familiar to the two schoolteachers, Ian and Barbara, who are only now beginning to adjust to their new roles as unwilling passengers of the old man known as "The Doctor", in his travels through time and space.

TRAPPED ON A DEAD ALIEN WORLD!

Their first landing point had been bad enough *(see "An Unearthly Child" — last issue)* but at least it had been on Earth. This time the Doctor tells them that the TARDIS has taken them far away from the star systems visible from Earth. They are now on an alien world in another sky, and apparently totally alone on a dead planet.

Then the Doctor begins to wonder about what could have caused the strange surroundings they have materialised in. With all the plant-life intact, yet no longer living — changed to hard, rock-like carbon structures, as though by some incredible heat

continued overleaf...



A classic first encounter, as the Doctor comes face to face with. . . The Daleks!

drying them out and solidifying them. The sort of aftermath a nuclear bomb could cause. . but that would mean that a race of civilised, intelligent beings had once inhabited the planet!

It is the Doctor's granddaughter, Susan, who makes the discovery, when she sees a city, half-buried in the ash, beyond the borders of the petrified jungle they have landed in.

The city appears to be a complicated arrangement of metal domes, spires and blocks linked by ramps and walkways. Yet it also appears empty, without life, which fits in with the Doctor's idea of a massive nuclear explosion engineered by a very technically-minded race.

Gazing at the gleaming towers, Barbara feels her stomach turn over as the Doctor continues to explain his theory. . .

"The explosion must have been terrible. People couldn't survive. Not, that is, people as we know the term. . ."

Intrigued by the possibility of great discoveries within the city, the Doctor announces his intention to explore, but he finds that his idea is opposed by Ian, who argues about the possible danger of venturing into the unknown. For, if anything were to happen to the Doctor, the rest of them would be stranded, being unable to operate the TARDIS.

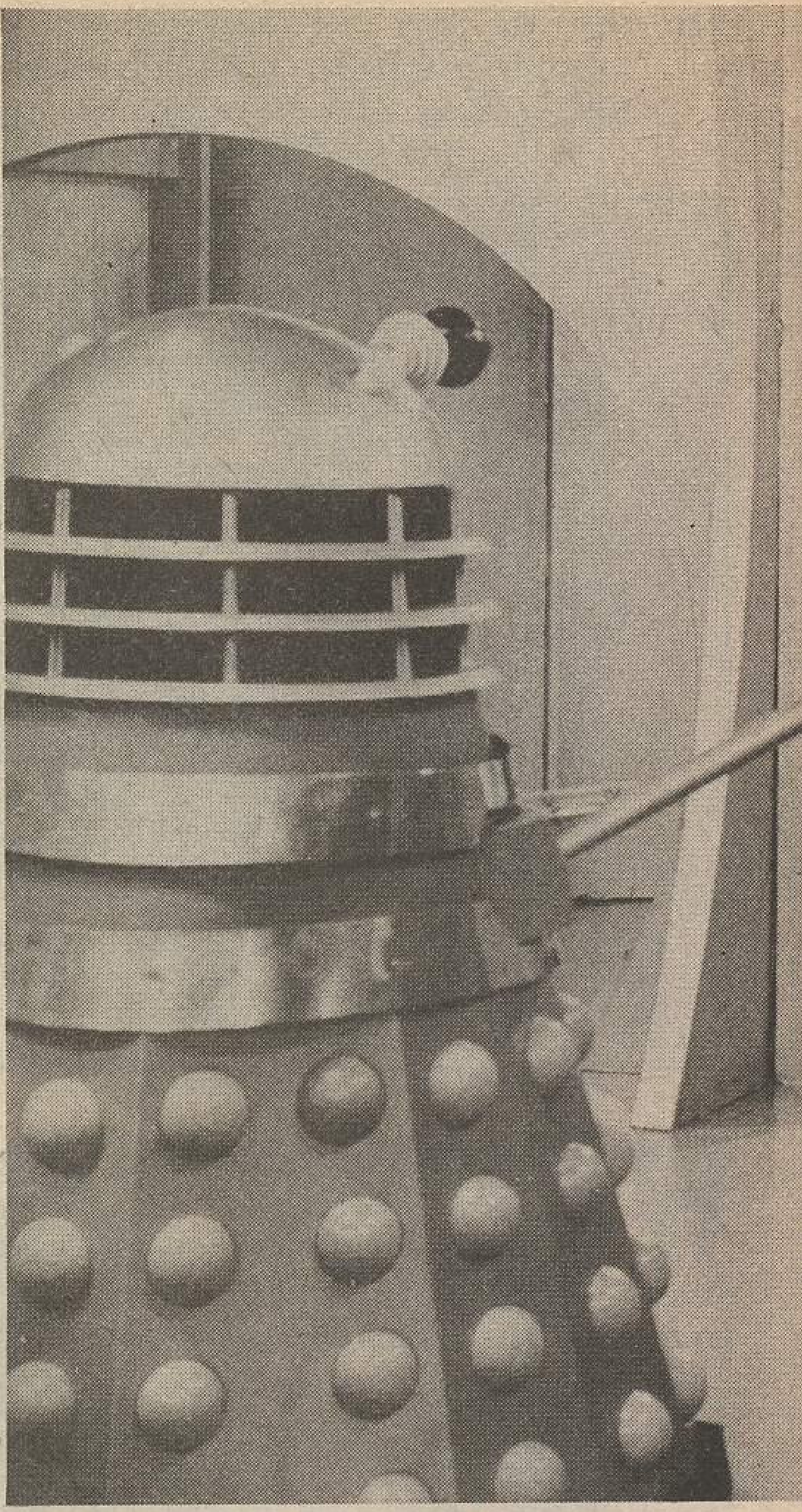
The ancient time traveller is furious at this attempt to stop him, yet he is forced to agree to return to the ship and try once more to return the teachers to their own world and time.

THE AFTERMATH OF A NUCLEAR BOMB . . .?

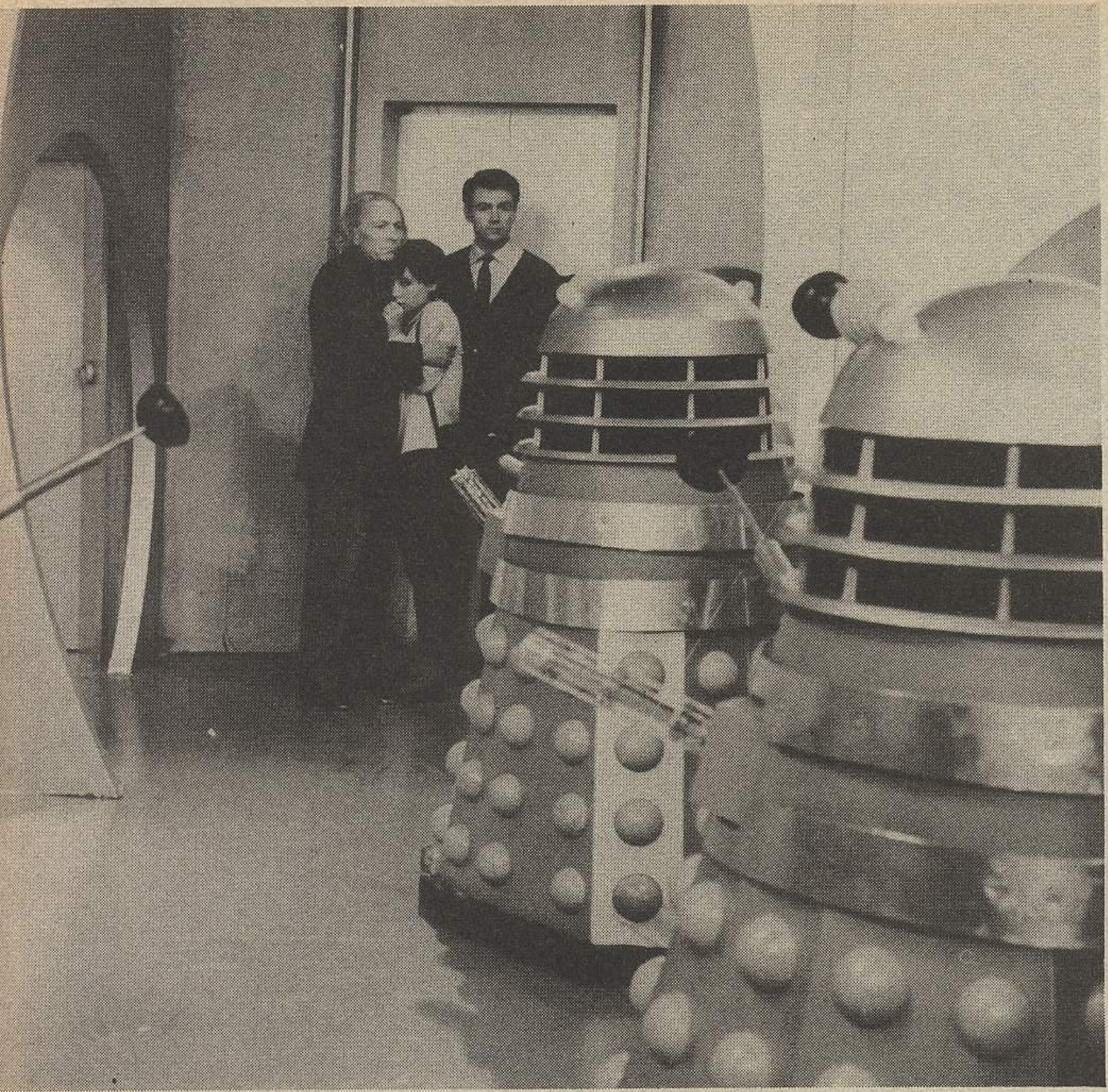
However, as the Doctor once more engages the main power systems of the TARDIS, a harsh grating sound informs him that something is terribly wrong.

Susan traces the fault to one of the fluid links. a small mercury-filled tube which acts very much like a fuse. Some of the mercury has escaped, so a fresh supply is needed.

But the Doctor quickly tells them that there is no more mercury aboard the TARDIS, and the only place they might find some is in the city. Ian has



ABOVE: Alan (Sherriff of Nottingham) Wheatley, Philip Bond and John Lee as members of the Thal race — Temmosus, Ganatus and Alydon. BOTTOM RIGHT: Alydon (John Lee) reassures Susan (Carole Ann Ford).



no choice but to remain silent, and take heed of this demonstration of the Doctor's cunning in getting his own way.

The next morning, the four set out on their journey. But as they step outside the TARDIS, they find a small box containing phials of fluid. Susan feels more certain than ever that they are being watched, as the box had definitely not been there the night before!

With the mysterious box left inside the ship, they set out for the gleaming city.

Exploring the metal walkways, the four can find no way to enter the city, it seems to have no doors or windows. Then, as they turn a corner, they locate a single arched doorway. Both the Doctor and Barbara are complaining now of unaccustomed tiredness and fatigue, so Ian advises them to make their search of the interior as quickly as possible, so they can then return to the TARDIS.

Opening the doorway, they discover another unusual thing, the inside of the buildings are both paved and walled entirely in metal. Long corridors lead away from the building they are in, and there is a curious electric hum in the air.

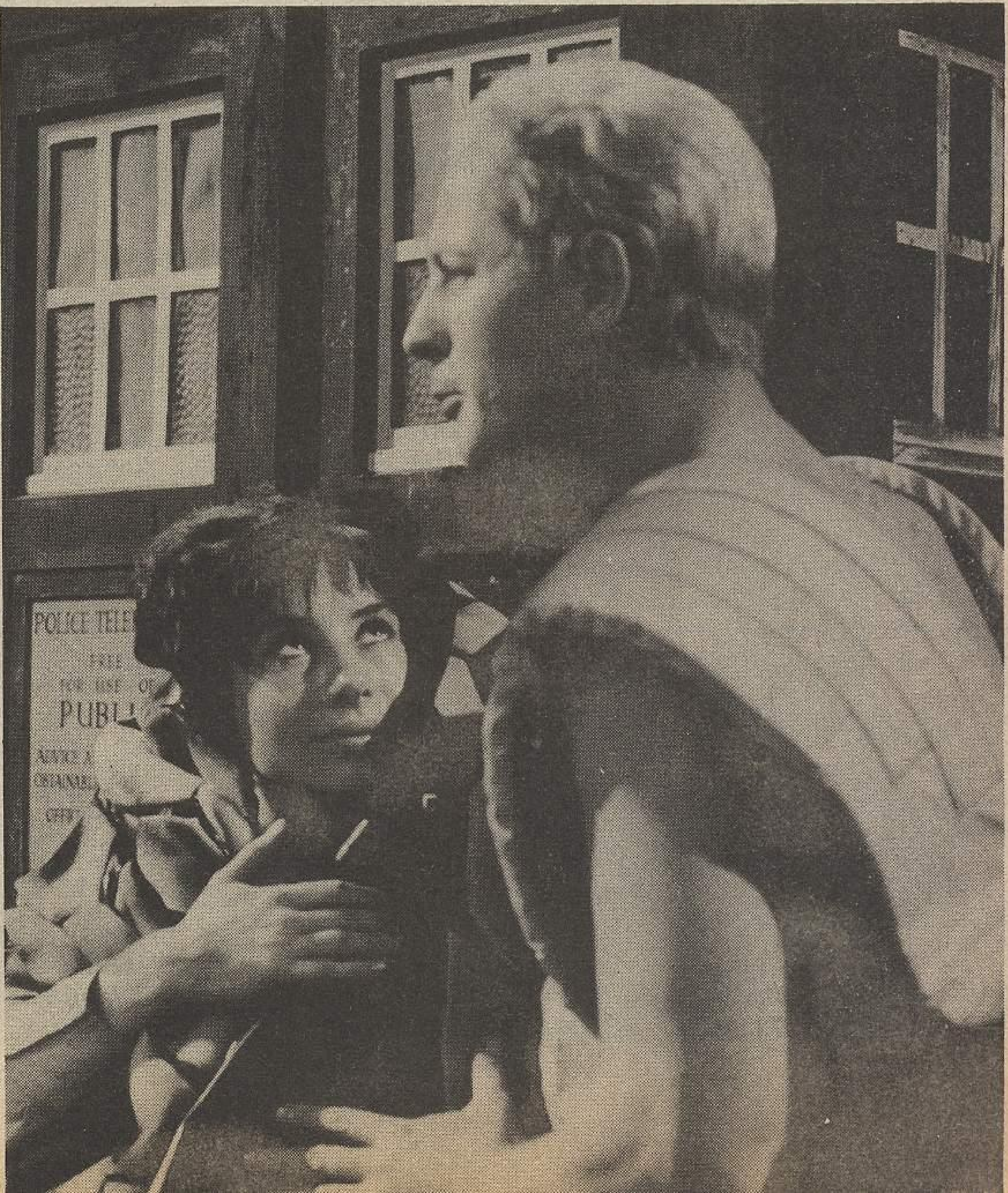
For speed, they split up as they begin their search for the vital element of mercury, and so it is only one of them, the Doctor, who stumbles across a small side room filled with an assortment of monitoring instruments.

RADIATION SICKNESS!

His face turns ashen as he makes out the information on the dials.

As Susan and Ian return, he informs them that the atmosphere is contaminated by a high level of radioactive fall-out so all four of them are now suffering from radiation sickness. They must find Barbara and make a speedy return to the TARDIS.

But as they emerge into the main hall, they discover that the city is not as dead as it



appears. Out of every corridor archway glides a procession of sinister-looking machines — DALEKS!

Mutated survivors of a neutron bomb war fought many centuries ago against the Thals, the Daleks had become poisoned by the atmosphere, and had withered and changed, totally losing their once-human appearance.

Now they had to take refuge inside machine casings, with their small scarred bodies eternally dependant on static electricity to keep their hearts beating.

Ian tries to make a dash for freedom, but a blast from an in-built weapon of a Dalek soon paralyses his legs. He, along with Susan and the Doctor is taken away to a cell where they find Barbara, already a captive.

Later the Daleks interrogate the Doctor, accusing him first of being one of their enemy, the Thals, who — like the Daleks — had survived the war. But unlike the Daleks, the Thals had not imprisoned themselves in metal, but had developed a powerful drug, able to prevent radiation sickness from mutating their bodies.

A MEETING WITH THE THALS!

At the mention of the drug, the Doctor's mind flashes back to the phials which had been left outside the TARDIS.

Believing that possession of this drug might enable them to leave their casings and live as normal once more, the Daleks order one of their prisoners to bring the phials to them. For not only are the Daleks trapped in their metal bodies, but they need to be in constant contact with their life-giving electricity, which exists only within the city.

Being the only one still well enough to make the journey, Susan must brave the horrors of the petrified jungle that night.

She manages to find her way back to the TARDIS, but stepping out for the return journey, Susan realises she is being watched from behind the dead trees.

A figure steps out into the clearing before her, a Thal.

A perfectly-shaped human,

the Thal has none of the deformities of the Dalek race, all radiation-poisoning long since banished from his people as the drug had been perfected. Now the Thals had evolved into a race of total pacifists, completely opposed to the horrors of war.

Susan is told how a party of

AN AMBUSH IS PLANNED!

Thals had journeyed to the Dalek continent, hoping to join the two races together in an attempt to rebuild their barren world.

For, despite being farmers, the Thals were in danger of starvation, with food getting frighteningly short.

Susan agrees to act as a mediator between the two races and she returns to the city with enough supply of drugs for both the Daleks and her three companions.

Upon hearing of the problem the Daleks appear interested in the Thal idea of uniting, and they tell Susan to write a letter, inviting the Thal party to the city to collect food which will be placed in the main hall for them. But as the girl leaves to despatch her message, the Daleks make arrangements for an ambush.

Having left the note for the Thals to collect outside the city Susan is taken back to her friends in the cell. She gives them the Thal drug and tells of her experiences.

The Doctor's mind is quick to realise what the Daleks are planning, and tells his companions they must escape to warn the naive Thals.

A plan is quickly hatched, and a cloak is put on the floor. The Dalek guard is called in, and as he rolls over the cloak, he is instantly cut off from his vital source of energy — the metal floor.

Lifting the swivelling head section, the Doctor and Ian reach inside, and lift the small mutated creature out of its metal shell. The two fight hard to hold back the feeling of revulsion as they gaze on the true shape of a Dalek, before covering it in the fallen cloak.

Ian then climbs inside the casing, to leave as the time travellers "guard".

Once Ian is safely inside, the Doctor, Susan and Barbara leave the cell, pushing the Dalek ahead of them.

They head towards the lift room, but as they round a corner they see the entrance way is being watched. . .

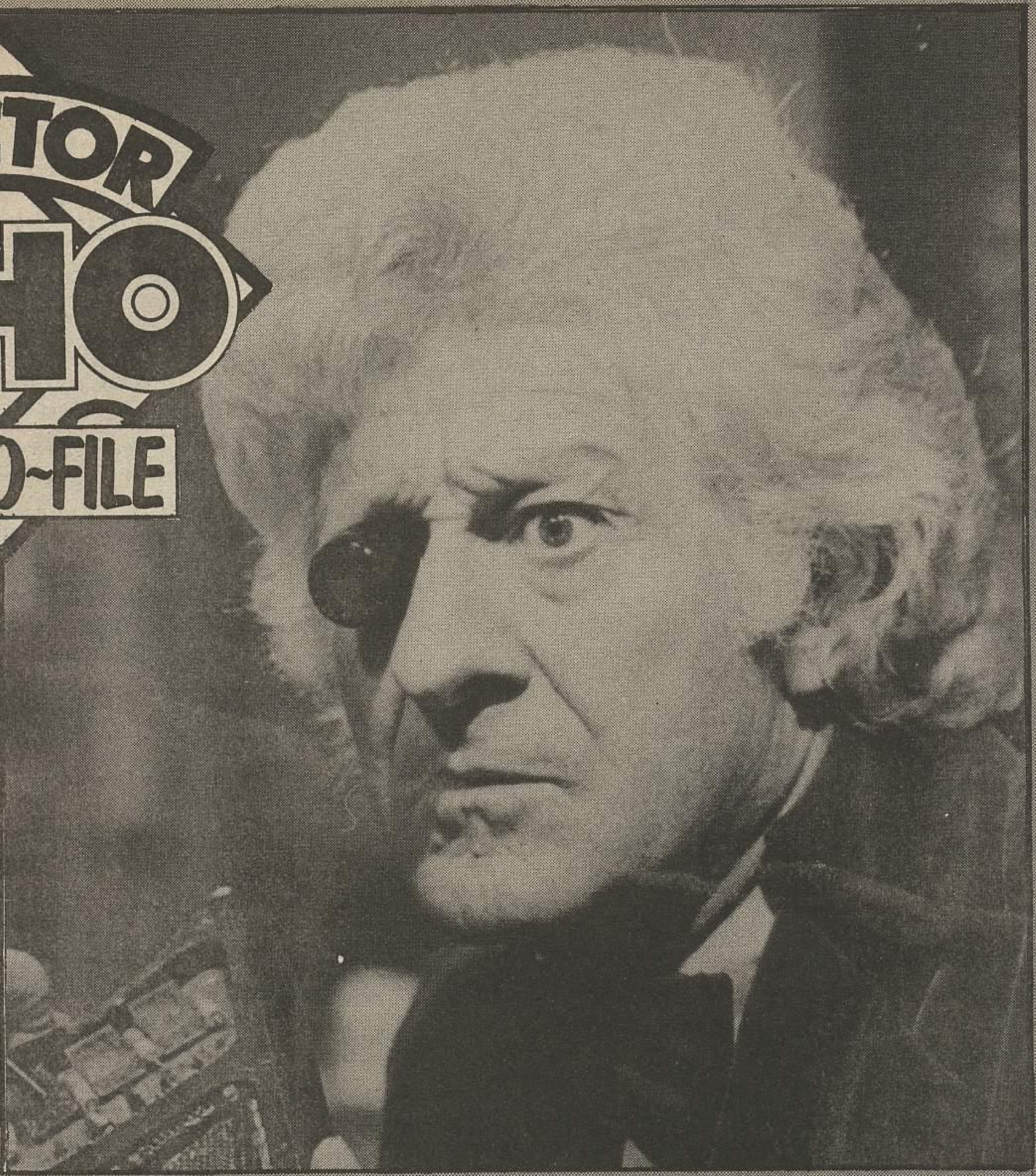
. . . By a real Dalek!

COMMENT:
And so ended the first four episodes of a Doctor Who story which was to create a whole new emphasis for the series originally intended as a short-run educational programme.

Though the Daleks were introduced, their real bodies were NOT seen by the audience (and still have not been revealed). The nearest we've got was following the Dalek body being covered by the cloak. As the fourth episode of "Dead Planet" ended, a grisly, slimey hand emerged from beneath the cloak's folds, though this was not continued in episode 5.

NEXT WEEK:
The conclusion of
THE DEAD PLANET

DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE



Cut and collect the entire series

Entry Number Three :- JON PERTWEE

BORN: July 7, 1919.
ROLE: The third Doctor.
YEARS: January 1970 to May 1974.
FIRST FILM APPEARANCE: 1938.
MAJOR FILM APPEARANCES: **Carry On Cleo, Carry on Cowboy, Carry on Screaming, The House that Dripped Blood, You Must Be Joking, One of our Dinosaurs is Missing.**
FIRST TV APPEARANCE: 1946.
MAJOR TV APPEARANCES: **Whodunnit(hosting), Jackanory, The Goodies, Wurzel Gummidge.**

SPECIAL MENTION: During the 1930s Jon Pertwee established himself as a comedy actor, building fame and popularity around his talent for dialects and "funny voices".

During a recording of **The Navy Lark** for BBC Radio, a fellow actor read out a newspaper account of Patrick Troughton's decision to leave **Doctor Who.** Jokingly, the actor suggested Jon should apply for the role. The **Doctor Who** producer was stunned to hear from Jon, he already had his name on a list of 'possibles'!

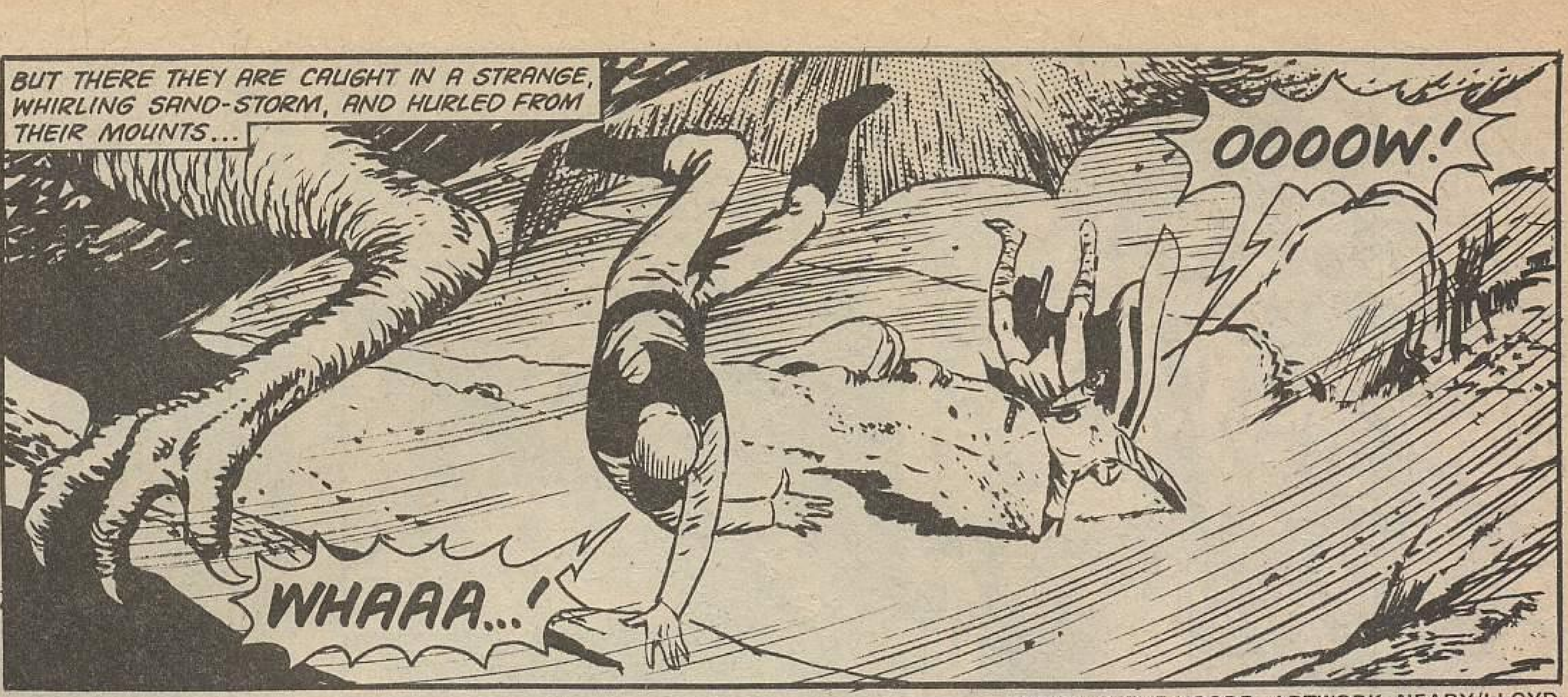
Jon Pertwee's portrayal of the Doctor switched the emphasis strongly over to that of a dashing hero figure, and with his love of gadgetry he added a new dimension to the character, making him totally his own.

Jon also brought **Doctor Who** out to the public, by appearing at fetes and carnivals in his tv garb, complete with either the "Bessie" roadster, or the futuristic "Whomobile" — a combination of hovercraft and flying saucer!

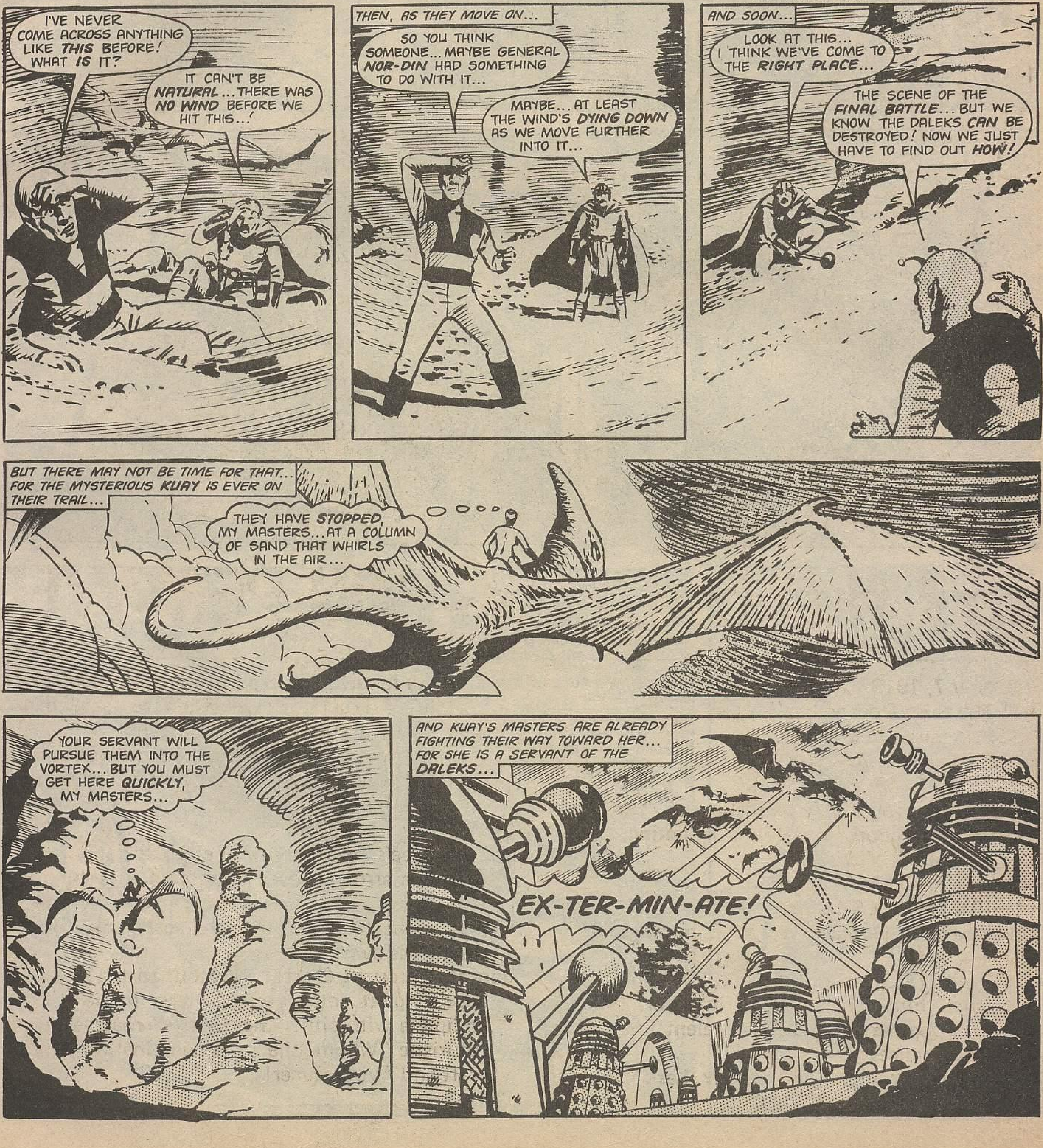
RETURN OF THE DALEKS

PART THREE

AFTER 800 YEARS, THE DALEKS HAVE RETURNED TO THE PLANET ANHAUT TO SEEK VENGEANCE FOR THEIR PREVIOUS DEFEAT. MOVIE PRODUCER GLAX AND HIS STAR ACTOR HOK NEPO HAVE JOURNEYED INTO THE DESERT OF VAKSH, SEEKING A CLUE TO THE DALEKS' DESTRUCTION...


BUT THERE THEY ARE CAUGHT IN A STRANGE, WHIRLING SAND-STORM, AND HURLED FROM THEIR MOUNTS...
OOOOW!
WHAAA...!

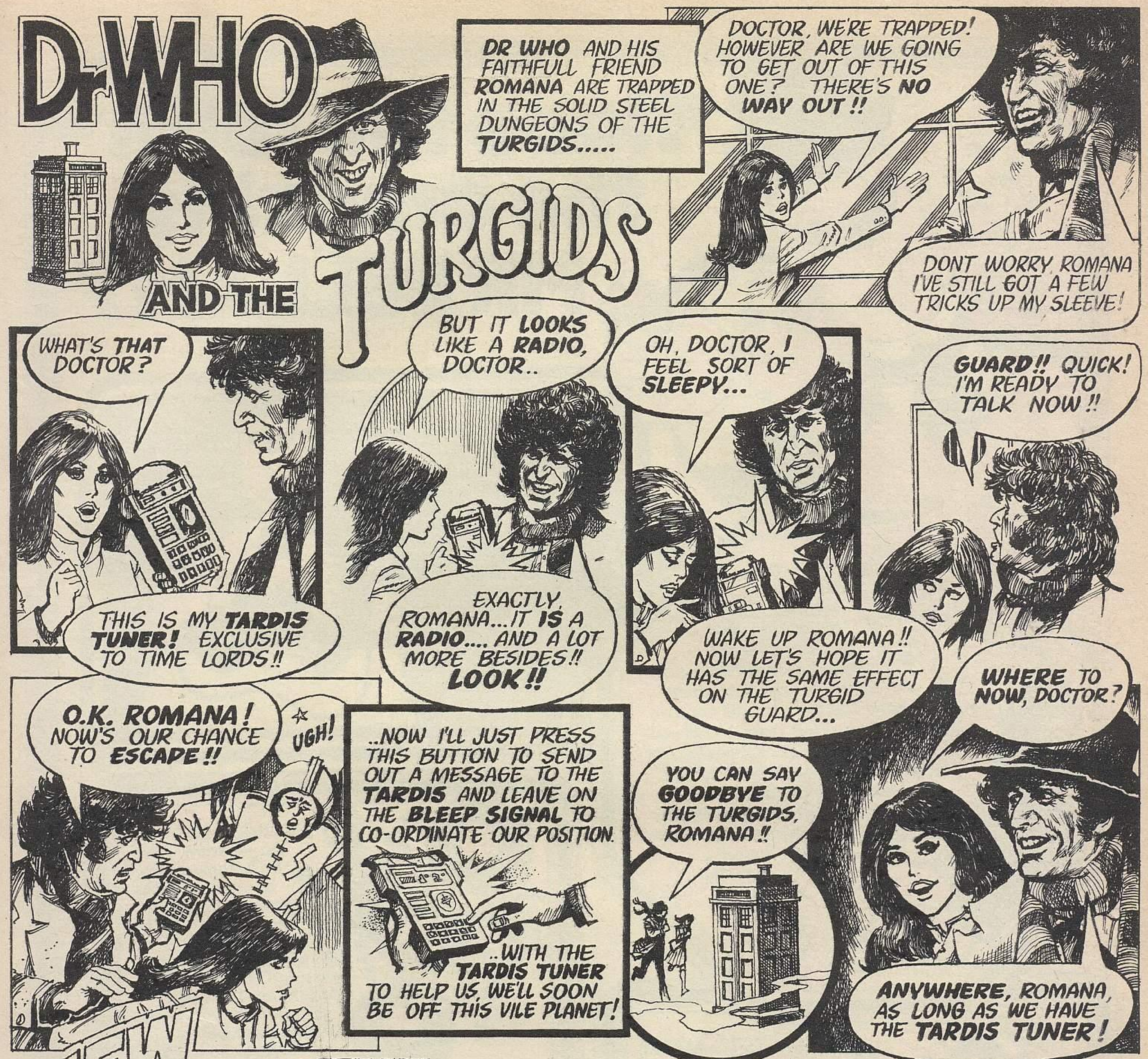
SCRIPT: STEVE MOORE ARTWORK: NEARY/LLOYD

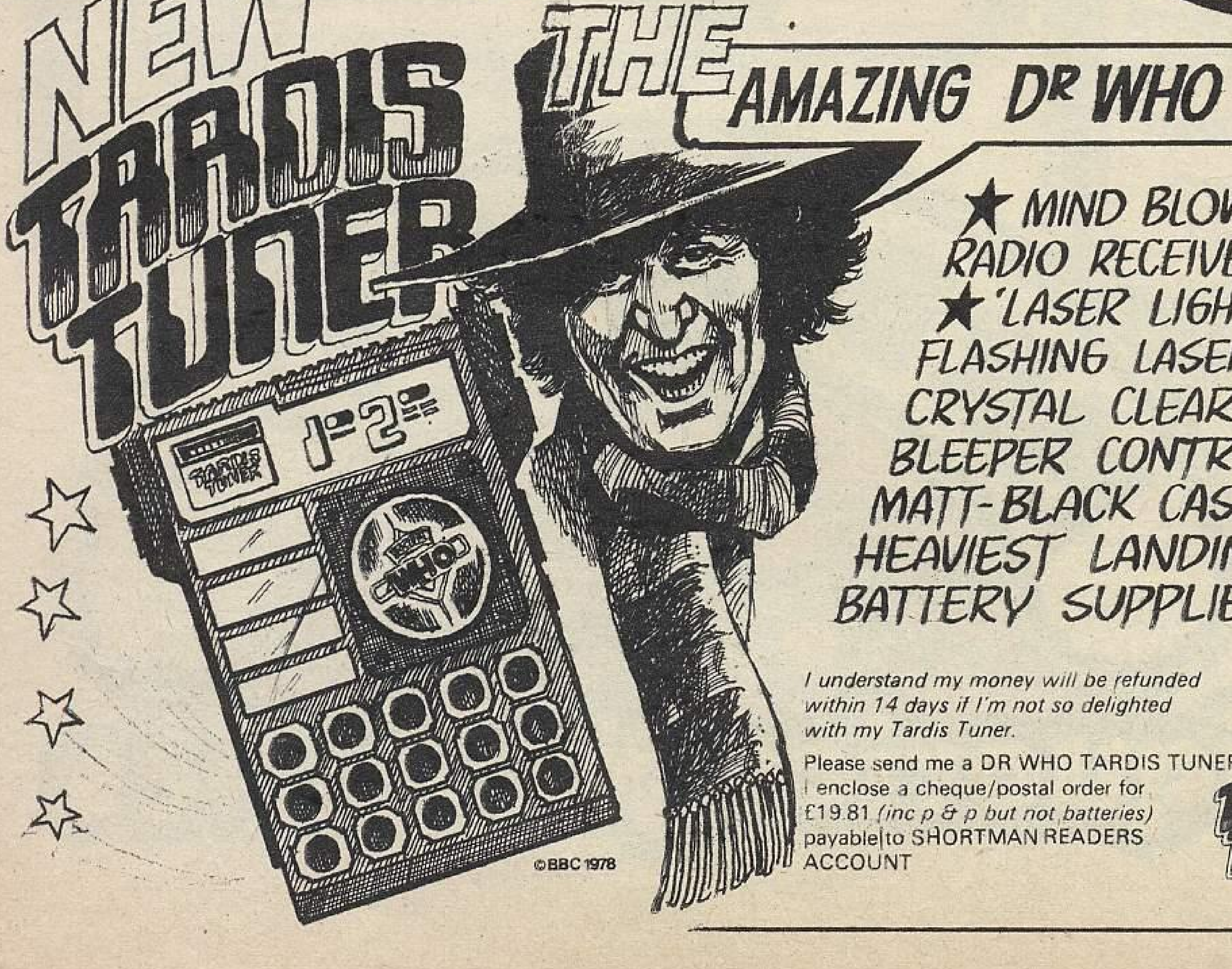

I'VE NEVER COME ACROSS ANYTHING LIKE *THIS* BEFORE! WHAT *IS* IT?
IT CAN'T BE *NATURAL*... THERE WAS *NO WIND* BEFORE WE HIT THIS...!
THEN, AS THEY MOVE ON...
SO YOU THINK SOMEONE... MAYBE GENERAL *NOR-DIN* HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT...
MAYBE... AT LEAST THE WIND'S *DYING DOWN* AS WE MOVE FURTHER INTO IT...
AND SOON...
LOOK AT THIS... I THINK WE'VE COME TO THE *RIGHT PLACE*...
THE SCENE OF THE *FINAL BATTLE*... BUT WE KNOW THE DALEKS *CAN* BE DESTROYED! NOW WE JUST HAVE TO FIND OUT *HOW*!
BUT THERE MAY NOT BE TIME FOR THAT... FOR THE MYSTERIOUS *KUAY* IS EVER ON THEIR TRAIL...
THEY HAVE *STOPPED*, MY MASTERS... AT A COLUMN OF SAND THAT WHIRLS IN THE AIR...
YOUR SERVANT WILL PURSUE THEM INTO THE VORTEX... BUT YOU MUST GET HERE *QUICKLY*, MY MASTERS...
AND KUAY'S MASTERS ARE ALREADY FIGHTING THEIR WAY TOWARD HER... FOR SHE IS A SERVANT OF THE *DALEKS*...
EX-TER-MIN-ATE!

AND THE DALEKS ARE PROVING MORE THAN A MATCH FOR COMMANDER KABA AS HE MARSHALS THE ANHAUT DEFENCE FORCES...
THEY SEEM INVULNERABLE TO OUR WEAPONS, SIR... ALL WE CAN DO IS HARRY THEM AS THEY MOVE!
EVEN JUST DOING THAT WE'RE LOSING FAR TOO MANY MEN...
CALL OFF THE TROOPS... THERE'S NO POINT IN DOING MORE THAN KEEPING THE DALEKS UNDER SURVEILLANCE AT THE MOMENT...
BUT WHY ARE THEY GOING THAT WAY... THERE'S NOTHING BUT DESERT OUT THERE...
BUT AS GLAX AND HOK ARE DISCOVERING, THE DESERT OF VAKSH CONTAINS FAR MORE THAN KABA HAS EVER DREAMED OF...
BY THE...! LOOK AT THAT!
BUT... WHAT IS IT?
IT OBVIOUSLY HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS VORTEX... BUT MORE IMPORTANT... WHAT'S INSIDE?
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...
THEN...
THE DOOR... OPENING BY ITSELF...
CAREFUL, HOK...
LIGHTS COMING ON... AS SOON AS WE STEPPED INSIDE! IT'S AS IF THIS PLACE WAS JUST WAITING FOR US...
BUT WHY? WHAT IF IT'S A TRAP...
AND THEN, IN THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT BUILDING...
LOOK AT THAT COUCH... THIS PLACE WAS OBVIOUSLY BUILT BY MEN LIKE US... NOT DALEKS...
WHICH IS A RELIEF... BUT WHAT'S THAT OTHER PIECE OF MACHINERY?

I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT... THE GLOBE'S STARTING TO GLOW...
A PICTURE'S FORMING... IT'S NOR-DIN!
BUT NOR-DIN WAS A YOUNG MAN WHEN HE DEFEATED THE DALEKS!
MEN OF THE FUTURE... I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU A GLAD GREETING... BUT IF YOU HAVE FOUND THIS PLACE, IT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT THE DALEKS HAVE RETURNED...
IT WAS I WHO ERECTED THIS VORTEX OF FORCES AS A MARKER BEACON... TO LEAD YOU TO THE SECRET OF THE DALEK'S DESTRUCTION...
SPLUNTT!
YOU MUST MAKE USE OF THE CR—
WHAT IN..?
IT'S THE GIRL... THE ONE WE THOUGHT WAS THE LAST SURVIVOR FROM THE FIRST BATTLE...
SHE MUST BE WORKING FOR THE DALEKS...
IF YOU WISH TO PROLONG YOUR EXISTENCE, REMAIN STATIONARY...
AND, UNHEARD BY HER CAPTIVES, KUAY REPORTS...
I HAVE DESTROYED THE SECRET BEFORE IT COULD BE REVEALED, MY MASTERS... THE THREAT IS OVER...
BUT, NEARBY...
FOOLISH WOMAN! SECRETS CAN ALWAYS BE REDISCOVERED! WE NEEDED TO KNOW THE NATURE OF THE WEAPON... IN ORDER TO PREPARE A DEFENCE AGAINST IT!
SHE WILL HAVE TO BE PUNISHED!

AND...
NOO! I'VE SERVED YOU... I... AARRHHH!
HEY... SHE'S COLLAPSING...
LOOK! SOME KIND OF METAL IMPLANT IN HER SCALP! IT MUST BE A COMMUNICATION DEVICE... RADIO?
MORE LIKELY A MENTAL BOOSTER... TO SEND DIRECT TELEPATHIC SIGNALS TO THE DALEKS...
AND THEY CAN USE THE SAME DEVICE TO KEEP HER UNDER CONTROL! ONE STEP OUT OF LINE AND... WHAM!
DON'T WASTE TOO MUCH SYMPATHY ON HER... SHE DESTROYED OUR ONLY CHANCE OF DEFEATING THE DALEKS, REMEMBER?
JUST PUT HER ON THAT COUCH AND FORGET ABOUT HER...
BUT THEN...
AHH! THE SOULS OF A THOUSAND MEN... THE ESSENCE...!
WHAT?
SHE'S RAVING... MUST BE THE SHOCK OF BEING PUNISHED LIKE THAT...
YET, AS KUAY SUDDENLY SNAPS BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS...
KEEP HER COVERED, HOK... SHE MIGHT BE JUST A ZOMBIE... BUT SHE'S STILL THEIR SLAVE...
NO... NO MORE! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED... TO BREAK THEIR HOLD ON ME...
BUT THEY ARE VERY CLOSE... ON THEIR WAY HERE TO DESTROY THIS PLACE!
THEN IF WE DON'T WANT TO GET DESTROYED ALONG WITH IT, I SUGGEST WE RUN LIKE CRAZY!
RIGHT... THERE'S NO POINT STAYING HERE NOW, ANYWAY...
AFTER YOU, LADY...
BUT OUTSIDE...
TOO LATE! THEY'VE GOT US TRAPPED!
BUT... THEY WOULDN'T...
THE WOMAN IS NO FURTHER USE TO US! EXTERMINATE HER ALONG WITH THE OTHERS!
TO BE CONTINUED.


DR WHO
AND THE
TURGIDS
DR WHO AND HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND ROMANA ARE TRAPPED IN THE SOLID STEEL DUNGEONS OF THE TURGIDS.....
DOCTOR, WE'RE TRAPPED! HOWEVER ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE? THERE'S NO WAY OUT!!
DONT WORRY, ROMANA I'VE STILL GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE!
WHAT'S THAT DOCTOR?
THIS IS MY TARDIS TUNER! EXCLUSIVE TO TIME LORDS!!
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A RADIO, DOCTOR..
EXACTLY, ROMANA...IT IS A RADIO.... AND A LOT MORE BESIDES!! LOOK!!
OH, DOCTOR, I FEEL SORT OF SLEEPY...
WAKE UP ROMANA!! NOW LET'S HOPE IT HAS THE SAME EFFECT ON THE TURGID GUARD...
GUARD!! QUICK! I'M READY TO TALK NOW!!
O.K. ROMANA! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE!!
UGH!
..NOW I'LL JUST PRESS THIS BUTTON TO SEND OUT A MESSAGE TO THE TARDIS AND LEAVE ON THE BLEEP SIGNAL TO CO-ORDINATE OUR POSITION.
..WITH THE TARDIS TUNER TO HELP US, WE'LL SOON BE OFF THIS VILE PLANET!
YOU CAN SAY GOODBYE TO THE TURGIDS, ROMANA!!
WHERE TO NOW, DOCTOR?
ANYWHERE, ROMANA, AS LONG AS WE HAVE THE TARDIS TUNER!


NEW
TARDIS TUNER
TARDIS TUNER
DR WHO

NEW TARDIS TUNER

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★ MIND BLOWING VOLUME CONTROL. ★ BUILT IN RADIO RECEIVER, PICKS UP RADIOS 1, 2 & 3. ★ 'LASER LIGHT CONTROL SWITCH.' ★ CONSTANT FLASHING LASER LIGHTS. ★ RADIO TUNER FOR CRYSTAL CLEAR RECEPTION. ★ TIME WARP BLEEPER CONTROL SWITCH. ★ TOUGH MOULDED MATT-BLACK CASING STANDS UP TO THE HEAVIEST LANDINGS. ★ SLIDING DOOR FOR BATTERY SUPPLIES. ★ DIMENSIONS 7½ x 5¼ x 3"

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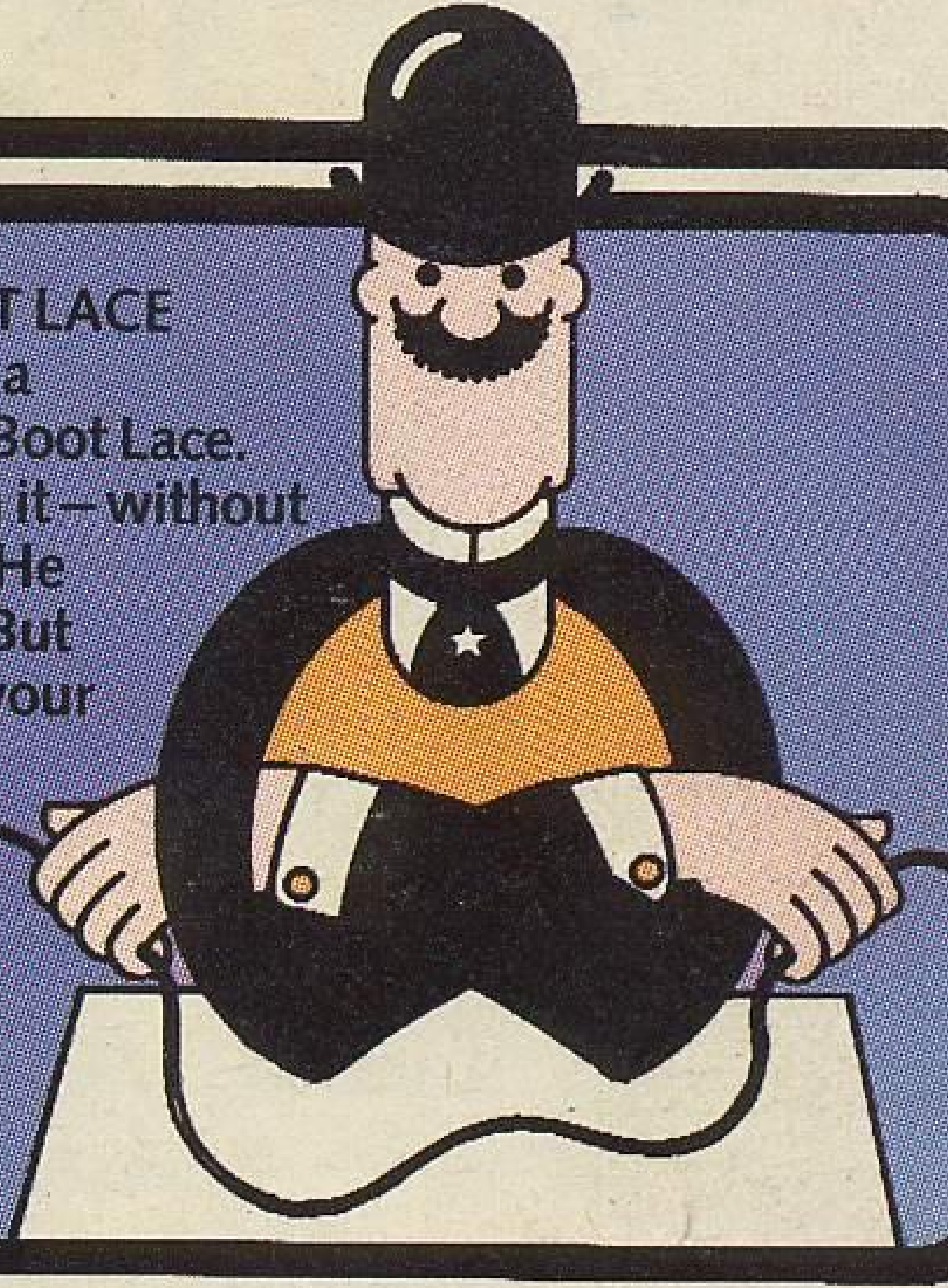
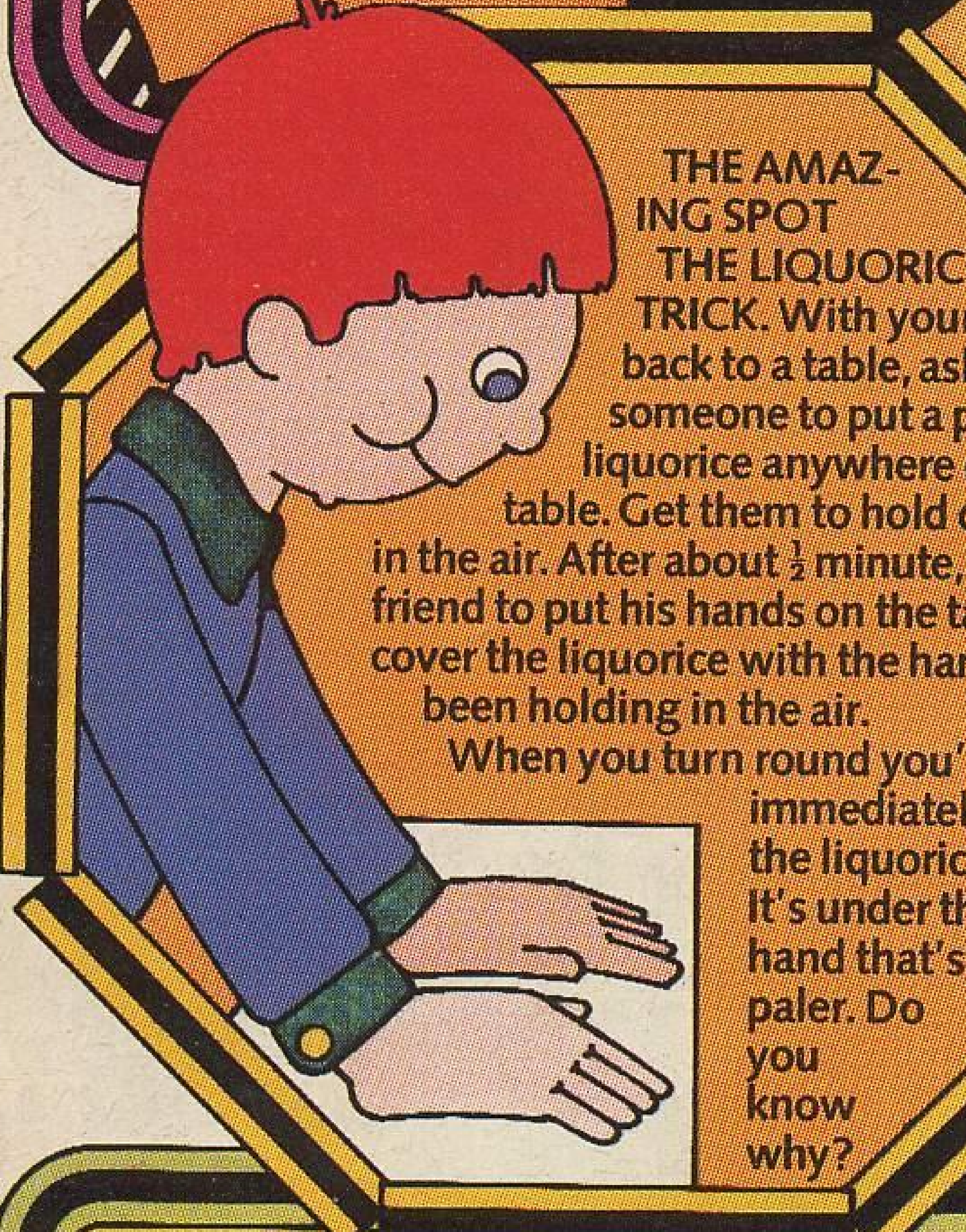
Have fun with the amazing MR BELLAMY

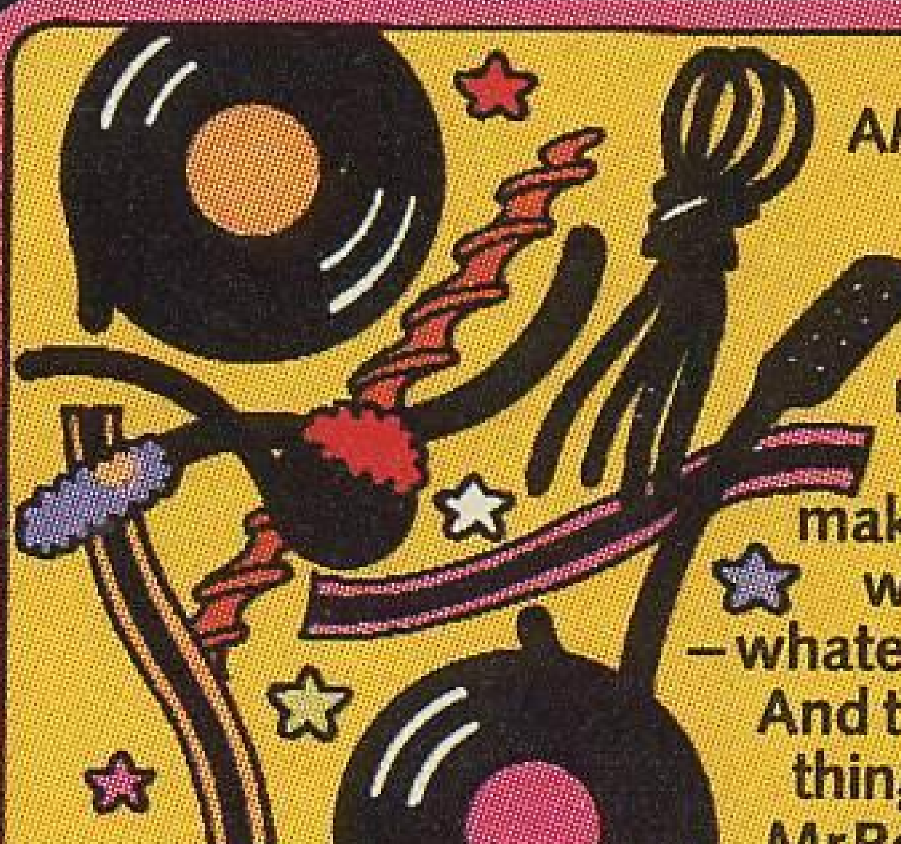


MR BELLAMY'S BOOT LACE KNOT Offer someone a Mr Bellamy Liquorice Boot Lace. Ask him to tie a knot in it – without letting go of the ends. He won't be able to do it. But tell him you can. Fold your arms before you pick up the ends, like the picture, and when you unfold your arms you will have tied a knot!



THE AMAZING SPOT THE LIQUORICE TRICK. With your back to a table, ask someone to put a piece of liquorice anywhere on the table. Get them to hold one arm in the air. After about ½ minute, ask your friend to put his hands on the table and cover the liquorice with the hand he's been holding in the air.

When you turn round you'll know immediately where the liquorice is. It's under the hand that's paler. Do you know why?



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- ☆ Poodles don't moult!
- ☆ Elephants can't jump!
- ☆ Giraffes have no voice!

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